

# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

JULY  
1931

10¢



«EQUALITY OF JUSTICE FOR THE POOR»

EMILY F. MURPHY



*More pump men recommend*

# ETHYL

*than any other gasoline*



MILLIONS of men and women (many owning cars exactly like yours) took the advice of experienced pump men, tried Ethyl Gasoline, and now buy nothing else. Consequently, more pumps sell Ethyl today than any other brand of motor fuel.



For instance: on Route 101 between San Francisco and Los Angeles a recent count showed 493 Ethyl pumps out of a total of 2131. This was 41% more than the next largest number.

Once Ethyl Gasoline is put in your car, you know immediately that it's *more* than gasoline.

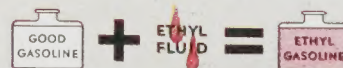
The added ingredient that makes Ethyl Gasoline different from all other gasolines is Ethyl fluid. It *controls combustion*. Instead of exploding in sharp, irregular bursts that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating, Ethyl Gasoline delivers power to the pistons with smoothly increasing pressure.

All refining companies mixing and selling Ethyl Gasoline meet Ethyl requirements for purity, volatility and other qualities of the base gasoline. Then to this *good* gasoline enough Ethyl fluid is added to control combustion, to make it Ethyl Gasoline. Stop at any pump that bears the Ethyl emblem. You will feel the improvement immediately. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red.

## ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.



# examine the value



## » » CHEVROLET « «

The world's lowest priced Six. 12 models listing from \$610 to \$840 at factory. The most popular car in Canada—because it is so economical to buy and drive.

## » » PONTIAC « «

"A fine car, a modern car, a General Motors value". 6 models, listing from \$875 to \$1,015 at factory. Over 40 points of rubber insulation in the chassis absorb engine vibration, noise and road shocks.

## » » OLDSMOBILE « «

6 models, listing from \$1,085 to \$1,230 at factory. A car of superb performance selling at the price of an ordinary Six. Includes such advanced engineering refinements as the famous Syncro-Mesh transmission and Down-Draft carburetion.

## McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

22 models, listing from \$1,290 to \$2,900 at factory. More than 8 out of 10 McLaughlin-Buick owners buy McLaughlin-Buicks again and again. Every McLaughlin-Buick has the non-clashing Syncro-Mesh transmission and Engine Oil Temperature Regulator.

## » » CADILLAC « «

Over 51 models available, ranging from the Cadillac V-8 at \$3,520, to the Cadillac V-12 at \$5,130 and up to the Cadillac V-16 with custom bodies for as much as \$15,000. All prices at factory. The world's finest cars.



**G**ENERAL MOTORS builds a complete line of motor cars, one for every purse and purpose. You will find them on display at a dealer near you. Examine their value. You will find them fine cars in every respect . . . beautiful and comfortable . . . with mechanical refinements which set fine standards of performance, control and durability.

They are thoroughly Canadian in manufacture. Because of this, and because a unified organization permits quantity purchases and low overhead, prices have been reduced and quality improved to such an extent that the phrase "General Motors Value" has become an ex-

pression of merit throughout Canada.

Then again, General Motors offers the motorist many other advantages. One of these is General Motors' own time payment plan—GMAC. This is designed to help you to buy conveniently, therefore the rates are the lowest available. Your continued satisfaction is pledged by the General Motors Owner Service Policy, the broadest and most generous in the industry. And a splendid body of dealers located everywhere in Canada are ready to execute its provisions, or to demonstrate, at your convenience, General Motors Value.

+ + Look in the classified pages of your phone book under "General Motors" for the address of the nearest dealer + +

## GENERAL MOTORS CARS HAVE OUTSTANDING VALUE



**DR. GRUENFELD**

Medizinalrat Dr. Karl Gruenfeld, the noted physician, medical writer and lecturer, is Primarius (clinic head) in Vienna's great Mariahilfer Hospital. He is very popular in Austria for saving the life of the great grandson of the Emperor Francis Joseph I.



# "The effect of yeast on *Sluggish Intestines* is remarkable"

declares this CELEBRATED AUSTRIAN CLINIC HEAD

**I**F YOU are troubled with sluggish elimination, stop to consider how the great physician's statement quoted above applies to *you*.

A sluggish, unclean condition of the intestines demands serious attention, you know. For it lies at the source, physicians say, of many of our commonest ills. So read carefully what this famous Vienna authority, Dr. Karl Gruenfeld, says about it:

"Constipation," he states, "is a stasis (stagnation) in certain parts of the intestines . . . It afflicts more than half the human race—women especially.

"This condition is readily overcome by eating fresh yeast . . . Yeast is not a medicine, but a food . . . It has a remarkable effect on intestinal activity, toning up the muscles of the whole digestive tract. It checks putrefaction . . . It corrects con-

stipation in a gentle, gradual, permanent way."

Isn't that authoritative medical advice worth acting upon? Just think what it means . . . no more constant "dosing"—no more enslavement to violent cathartics and habit-forming pills!

For yeast, you know, is just a simple, three-times-a-day addition to your ordinary diet. Eaten regularly, it attacks the accumulated waste matter in your intestines. Softens it. Stimulates the natural expulsive action that helps your body clear it away naturally.

So try eating fresh yeast—*Fleischmann's* Yeast—for 60 days. Note the improvement in your digestion, in your color, in your energy for work and play. Note

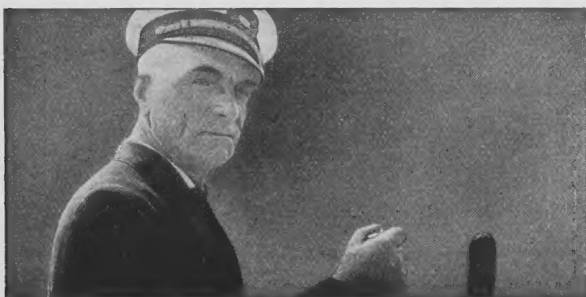
your greater freedom from headaches, colds and other minor ills.

And start now! You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains, drug stores, and each cake is rich in three vitamins—B, G and D—essential to perfect health. Send for free booklet, "Yeast for Health." Address Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

## Famous Medical Leaders advise Yeast

Dr. FRIEDRICH KRAUS, President of the German Medical Society and one of Europe's greatest medical teachers, says, "Yeast stimulates the intestines to normal action . . . promotes regular evacuations and normal digestion."

Dr. PAOLO ALESSANDRINI, of Rome, the noted intestinal specialist, declares: "Yeast keeps the intestinal tract active and clean . . . improves digestion."



(LEFT)  
"Abdominal pains and intestinal troubles of various kinds caused me great distress," writes Mr. Charles Burke, of Church Point, N.S. "I can truthfully say that I have been greatly benefited by my regular use of *Fleischmann's* Yeast."



(Above) Poisons from sluggish intestines upset digestion, take away appetite and pep. Yeast keeps intestines clean.

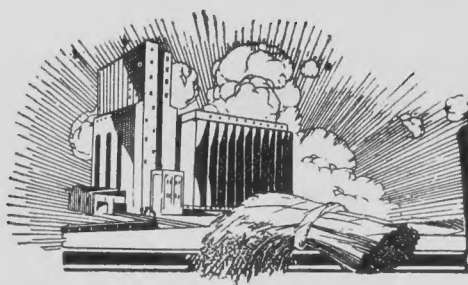


(LEFT)  
To correct internal sluggishness eat three cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast every day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime, plain or in a third of a glass of water (cold or hot), or any way you like.

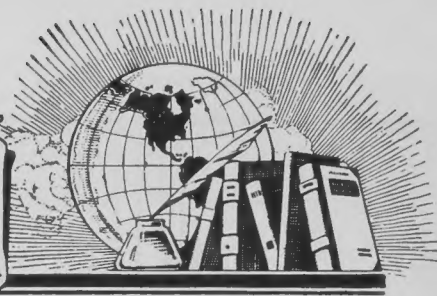
Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

***Fleischmann's* Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!**





# EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 7

## The Return to Simplicity

THIS return to simplicity is one of the crying needs of the times. In dress, food, home equipment, the costly and the beautiful are not synonymous terms. Good taste and economy can go hand in hand. Ostentatious display is always objectionable, and particularly at a time like this when many are without the necessities of life. They tell a story of a popular preacher in an Eastern city, who in war times decided to follow the fashion and establish a forum in his church. He himself took the first meeting, and chose as his topic: "Shall we ask Trotsky to be our leader?" It is needless to say that the presentation lacked nothing in force, even if it lacked somewhat in dignity. The evils of Communism were denounced to the full satisfaction of the interested listeners. Then opportunity was given for discussion. A young man arose in the gallery, and said: "I have lived in Russia most of my life. I have no sympathy with Trotsky, nor do I share his ideals. Yet I wish to ask a question. In my hand is a copy of this morning's paper. On the first page is a picture of an ermine coat which cost something in the neighborhood of \$10,000—a wonderfully beautiful coat. It was purchased for a lady who I believe is an attendant at this church. My question is this: 'Will not the flaunting of all this wealth do more to stir up Communism than all the preaching Trotsky could do in four years?'" It was a bomb shell, and the explosion wrecked the forum. There was never another meeting at which people could ask questions. There is nothing so objectionable as ostentation. It is vulgar. So perhaps the depression may have its advantages if it encourages frugality and simplicity, and if it refuses to rank as necessities what are costly luxuries. Dame Fashion is very cruel—most cruel of all, in times like these. With the best of people she has but little power.

## Canada's Liquor Bill

IT is well that Canadians should know exactly what their liquor bill is. When the various provinces publish statements showing receipts and expenditures each year, the sum of one, two or four millions as income from liquor sales looks pretty large. When the Federal balance sheet appears, the sum looks even larger. On the other hand when the sum spent on liquor is taken into account all the receipts put together seem miserably small. Official reports just published show that Canadians in 1930 spent legally the enormous sum of \$192,589,568 in liquor. This is almost double the amount of the national drink bill in pre-war days. The nation-wide selling agencies include 25 distilleries, 52 wineries and 84 breweries. Then there are 413 government liquor stores, 138 brewery agencies, 1,480 beer saloons, 1,829 beer shops, 297 clubs, 708 hotels and restaurants, 122 other selling agencies—a grand total of 5,148 establishments for manufacture or sale of liquor. Bootlegging is not abolished. Convictions for violation are on the increase. In 1922 they were 8,500. In 1929 they were 19,327. It is well that Canadians should know the facts.

## Experience Teaches

THE growing dissatisfaction with high tariff in the United States is being voiced by citizens prominent in the industrial and financial world. The President of General Motors says: "Additional restrictions are bound to have an adverse influence on our domestic prosperity." The President of the American Bankers' Association says: "Unless radically changed, it will benefit a few at the expense of the many." The President of the Atlantic Cotton Association says: "I cannot see any possibility of foreign nations buying from us under present conditions." The former Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce says: "Already

the American business ruined in France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Germany, not to mention many other countries, far exceeds in value any possible gain that could accrue from the benefits conferred by the Hawley-Smoot tariff." Henry Ford says: "Tariffs as trade protection are rarely successful." Similar views of other important citizens could be given at length. Many of these men have changed their minds with changing conditions.

They are merely the voices of economic forces which promise to develop a degree of economic and political cooperation of the United States with the world, which today is hardly glimpsed.

It is not surprising even to find such a paper as the Christian Science Monitor making such a statement as this: "A hundred years ago, the United States and Great Britain, on behalf of Canada, signed the Rush-Bagot agreement eliminating armaments on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. It looks now as though the two peoples are engaged in building rival tariff fortifications instead. It is an unpleasing prospect, for it leaves out of account the fact that a world economic unit is taking the place of the old congeries of nations."

"In a world of sellers there must be buyers, and if buyers are handicapped, so much the worse for the sellers. It is imperative that both nations should realize the futility of economic war and impregnable tariff walls. What they need is another Rush-Bagot agreement governing their tariff systems. If there are two nations to which President Hoover's remark that economic progress is mutual would apply with special force, they are Canada and the United States."

## Distribution of Wealth

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the causes of unrest in Britain, the United States and Canada, is the feeling that there has been an unequitable distribution of wealth. Writing about twenty years ago, Dr. Rausenbusch of Rochester, made the assertion that in the United States one-eighth of the people owned seven-eighths of the wealth, and one per cent of the people owned over one-half of the wealth. It is interesting to read what was said a few days ago by Dr. O. D. Skelton, Canadian Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with regard to the distribution of wealth at the present time. In 1913 an English survey showed that there were eleven per cent below the poverty line, whereas there are now only four per cent; then the very rich with \$50,000 a year income numbered 4,000, while now they number 1,300; and those with \$15,000 a year, dropped from 30,000 to 13,700. Dr. Skelton made no reference to the few very rich, who no doubt have more than their share. He did, however, give some valuable information with regard to production. In the last twenty-five years Canada's population has increased fifty per cent, and in the same period wheat has increased ten-fold, manufactures four-fold, and bank clearings have doubled. The present problem is not providing necessities, but luxuries which have become necessities.

His suggestions for improving conditions are closer cooperation between employer and employees, shortening hours of labor during prosperous years instead of working overtime, and setting aside reserves for unemployment as is now done for depreciation.

In conclusion he declared that "civilization cannot stand another World War. Most of our present economic troubles are caused or aggravated not by the economic organization but by the breakdown of political control which led out of the Great War. No country needs to realize this more than Canada. We are second in international trade per capita, and fifth in absolute foreign trade; but that preeminence is a sign of our dependence on foreign markets, which means a dependence on the continuance of food relations, a precarious pinnacle."

## The Way to Peace

VISCOUNT Cecil of Chelwood writes an article in The Spectator which is timely. He is arguing for world peace, and pleading for real disarmament in 1932. In the end it depends upon the will of the people.

"Our edifice of peace would be as fragile as a glasshouse if it were built by a handful of politicians and specialists, unable to carry through measures of reform imposed by the logic of international debate, simply because of the indifference and ignorance of their peoples. It must be broadbased upon the people's will."

"Success in the organization of peace depends upon appealing not to the elite, but to the ordinary citizen; upon giving the ordinary citizen something to hear and to do at his own doorstep; upon the moral preparation of religious teaching and sound political theory; upon purging the schools of the false nationalism which distorts history; and, on the intellectual basis thus cleared of encumbrances, the framing of a constructive programme which proposes the attainment of certain quite specific objects, treaties, conventions and laws, one at a time, and, in democratic countries, the persistent action in the localities upon their representatives in parliament."

All of this is quite to the point, and places responsibility where it belongs. In the long run legislators and diplomats express the will of the majority.

## Fear or Fashion

IT is wonderful the part fear plays in human life. Probably in no field is it more potent than in the field of religion. Between the Ancient Egyptians and the modern Americans, including of course ourselves, one expects to find little in common, but when close examination is made into such a thing as funeral customs there seems to be at heart little difference. The fear of the next world seems to be ever with us. Even our preachers make appeals to terrorism, as if the great care of men should not be to act justly and righteously here, but to make sure of a ticket of admission to the everlasting habitations.

Getting buried in America is a very complicated matter, almost as complicated as in the days of the Pharaohs. A curious phase of thought called Christianity has intervened, and has been thought by some to teach the soul that it matters, and that the body of this death is of no account, but practice makes light of such teaching. There is money in preparing corpses for their resting place. The salesman of coffins finds it easy to dispose of elegant caskets "with exquisite linings and marvelous silver handles." We are as careful to propitiate the dead as even the Egyptians were. Perhaps we have a slightly different conception of the hereafter.

"Egypt, the first of the civilizations, America, the latest—both with the savage's fear at heart. Perhaps the clear and calm simplicities of the Elizabethans appeal to some of us. Perhaps some of us find the embalming fluids of Egypt and America oddly unsatisfying beside Walter Raleigh's thoughts on death before his execution:

*But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust."*

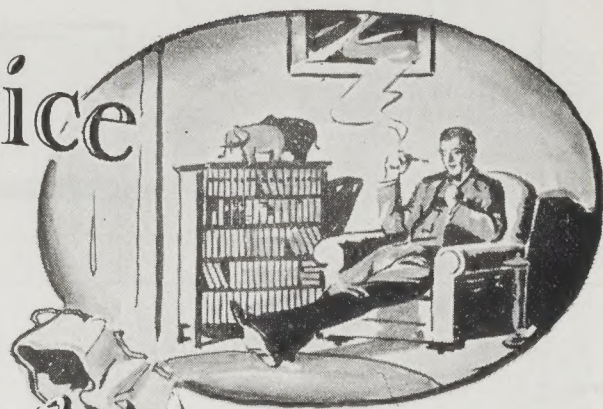
It may be, however, that the reason people spend so much on funeral caskets, and go to such pains to have all arrangements complete for the burials is that they do not dare to break with fashion. Some day it may appear that to spend lavishly at time of funerals is in bad taste. The sooner that day arrives the better. It will be a relief when coffins can be bought at cost price, and when costly tomb-stones on graves of insignificant individuals will be considered an impropriety.





# Equality of Justice for the POOR

by  
Emily F. Murphy



THE Canadian newspapers are carrying a story of how the women barristers of Eastern Canada agitate for the appointment in our courts of counsel for defence.

Hitherto, in Canada, we have only had counsel for the Crown, leaving it to the accused person to secure his own counsel or to take a rather big chance on conviction.

Well, hardly this, for where the charge is one of murder and the accused cannot afford to pay counsel, the Crown, recognizing that he is in danger of the gallows-tree, selects and pays a counsel for him. In a word, they allow him this something for nothing, in order that he may not undergo a something for nothing.

But even here, the voice of profit-and-loss asserts itself, for the counsel provided is usually a young and briefless barrister—albeit a fine spirited boy—who is keen to make his first appearance on an important case and thus, if possible, win his spurs. For this reason his remuneration is usually inconsiderable or what, being a modern youth, he would probably describe to you as "pin-feathery."

The point we urge is that the Crown undoubtedly acknowledges the principle—that is the right of persons accused of crime to a fair presentation of their case before the court, and it is no brown-leaved idea either.

In less serious charges, although legally presumed to be innocent, the Crown's practice is discordant therewith, counsel for defence being seldom provided. For this reason, the moneyless prisoner is seriously handicapped; first, because he is not familiar with our complex and super-technical procedure; second, because he is unable to make a clear and orderly statement of his case; third, because he has no approach to the judge; and, fourth, because he does not know the law. So far as advice or assistance is concerned, he finds the authorities to be "aloof, unhelpful, and unkind." My Lords and Ladies, is this not so?

Things that should be quite simple in law are made into a mystery. To add to the mystery, in the code and courts we use such alien words as *prima facie*, *autrefois acquit*, *procès-verbal*, *certiorari*, *habeas corpus*, *precedendo*, *en banc*, *præcipe* and *ex-parte*. Surely, we do! That was a knowing writer who said,

"How strange and inexplicable a thing is law;  
How curious its Whys and Whynots!"

To the moneyless, therefore, it is increasingly a matter of legitimate complaint that the Superior Court, instead of proving a house of refuge to the oppressed, has become a forbidding and inaccessible fortress. . . . It may be true after all what the Chinese say, that he who is without money might as well be buried in a rice tub with his mouth sewed up.

So far as we are aware, Ontario is the only province of Canada that has attempted to definitely instruct its citizens in the laws, particularly as these relate to criminal offences. This summary is compressed into a vest-pocket edition, and is entitled "Social Laws of Canada and Ontario." The instructions therein have been made so plain and so joyfully insidious that he who runs may read and understand. "It is unlawful to do So and So," this manual tells us, somewhat after the concise and practical manner of the Commandments given by Moses.

This is an excellent plan too, for our Criminal Courts are expensive schools wherein to learn the law. While the so-called criminal may truthfully plead his ignorance, this plea is seldom accepted. We expect the stupid and ignorant—even those who cannot speak our language—to inherit a knowledge of the Criminal Code, even as they inherit the

patrimony of a squint eye or a pug nose but, alas, and for a certainty, they do not. If, therefore, we intend to keep the world from getting on fire we ought to do something about it. This does not belong to that category of "things well left alone."

IT HAS been argued by Optimists that under Utopian conditions an accused person may be able to go into court and conduct his defence without counsel or cost and, if innocent, be sure he will come out fully exonerated without suffering any loss whatsoever. But as we are far from Utopian conditions, the least we can do for an accused necessitous person is to provide him with a public defender.

In other countries, departments of justice of law societies have dropped the game-preserving attitude and instituted a system whereby



the services of a public defender are available to the alleged misdoer instead of assigned counsel. This defender advises him as to his rights, and conducts his case on its merits without resorting to trickery, to those technical objections or to bewildering obscurities, which are practiced chiefly for the delaying of justice.

In the preparation and disposition of his client's case, all the privileges extended to the state attorney are likewise extended to the Public Defender, such as the issuing of subpoenas and the services of experts of all kinds. Allowances are also made for stenographic records and for expenses incurred in all investigations necessary to the preparation of the case.

If the accused be able to contribute a moiety of the expense involved in his defence, this is paid into the court and from thence forwarded to the Attorney General's department. In the United States, it has worked out that the amount hitherto paid annually to the Public Defender has been approximately one-half of the salary paid to the state attorney, here known as the crown prosecutor.

It is claimed that by this method the case is more fairly disposed of in so far as both parties thereto are concerned, and also for the intermediate parties. Incidentally, a vast deal of quibble, delay and expense is saved to the State. In particular, this must mean that men who now spend weeks and even months in prison awaiting trial—some of them wholly innocent persons—could have access to a Public Defender who would greatly expedite the hearing of their cases. Anyone who visits these unhappy "souls in prisons" is aware how the road-makers, miners, oil-borers, gardeners, farmers, fruit growers, woodsmen and other outdoor

workers are held in durance at the very period in which they expect to earn a year's livelihood for themselves and their families. This is a sad seriousness and, for this reason if for no other, defence officers should be appointed without delay.

Concerning his status, it might here be mentioned that the *Public Defender* is a crown officer, it being his duty to act in defence of all impoverished persons who are charged with crime in the higher courts, and also at preliminary hearings in the police courts.

It is sometimes urged that in the magistrate's courts, less properly designated as "police courts," that our magistrates protect the rights of the accused—or should protect them—examining the witnesses and bringing out important facts, thus obviating the necessity of counsel's fee.

But even here, the court costs are becoming more burdensome every year because of the police expenses, and the fees imposed when a Justice of the Peace presides. Indeed, in some courts, we are even adding the interpreter's fee in the case of a foreigner, and then sending the unhappy wretch to prison if he cannot pay us, although it is equally to the Crown's advantage to have the evidence interpreted. Indeed, without an interpreter, the magistrate could not hear the evidence at all and, in consequence, the court could not fulfil its function of affording a fair trial. . . . After all, old Samuel Butler was not entirely wrong when he said, "the law can take a purse in open court whilst it condemns a less delinquent for it." Maybe, it was this state of affairs that gave rise to the phrase, "a naked soul before the bar of justice" . . . Likely it was.

Contrariwise, where the rich and audacious defendant is concerned, the soul before the bar is not nearly so naked as generally supposed. This one with his purse-plumped pockets can afford to secure an eminent counsel skilled in the art of breaking down evidence—or of building it up—so that justice is not always the only material factor in the case. Every judge in a criminal court is familiar with the sincere and guileless witness who, under stress of a ruthless cross-examination, is led to greatly minimize or even contradict his own statements without telling any lie at all. This is particularly true in the case of very young persons who testify, or in that of the lewd and loose-lipped girl who is not fully answerable to justice because of her imperfect rudiments of a mind.

EVERY judge is also familiar with the fact that no matter how fiercely a brilliant counsel may fight for his client—even like unto a tiger cat—when time comes for plea to the judge, counsel of a sudden lapses into what our court reporters designate as a "sob-sister." The inviolate innocence of his client, his declining health, his large and dependent family, his financial embarrassments, and even his hopes of heaven are tremulously urged upon the patient, but withal terribly jaded judge. [Continued on page 41]



# "Twice-crisped"\*. more delicious than ever

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice in the new Seal Crisp package



And because they're shot from guns,  
Puffed Grains provide amazingly  
rich cereal nourishment

**F**AVOR? Like that of toasted nutmeats. Crisp . . . with a flaky *fresh* crispness you can't resist. It's the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Made by a special new heat-sealing process that captures and seals in all that just-baked flavor—that toasty crispness.

*Enticement . . . plus rich, substantial nourishment*

When you open the new Puffed Grains package, it's like opening mother's oven on baking day. Such an appetizing aroma rushes to greet you. Here's the fresh flavor . . . the extra crispness

A new process, greatly increasing the crispness, makes Quaker Puffed Grains a really new cereal.

everybody has been wanting in ready-to-eat cereals!

Children pass their bowls for these nut-like grains again and again. And with every bowlful you're giving them wholesome, substantial nourishment. For science has found that shooting grains from guns makes every particle easily, completely, digestible. Richly nourishing, as though the grains had been cooked for hours and hours!

#### Ways to serve

Make a new adventure of breakfast by serving the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed rice. Delicious with creamy whole milk. A real treat with your favorite fresh fruit. It's so easy . . . so simple to make breakfast a temptation when you serve Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And it's a wonderful way to get children to take more milk! The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough and Saskatoon.

MADE IN CANADA



Different because  
Shot from Guns

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle so easily digestible—so quickly nourishing.

## Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat



# WHAT MEN LOOK FOR

in the **G**irls  
they **M**arry



A RISING YOUNG ARCHITECT selected this lovely painting as typifying most nearly his ideal girl. "The girl I'll want to marry," he told me, "will be more of a companion than anything else . . . She'll toss me a little unearned flattery now and then because she'll know I need it. She'll be trim and smart. She'll have really lovely skin—laughing eyes—nice hands . . . Men and women will like her because she's genuine and *natural* and good company."

## CALAY

For the fresh natural skin men admire

IMAGINE what a fascinating time I've had! I've been interviewing fifty eligible bachelors—discovering at first hand what young men look for in the girls they marry.

All of them were charming. All of them—after a little preliminary laughter—were serious as could be about it.

They wanted—oh, such *possible* things, it seemed to me. Everyday traits. Good, honest qualities . . . And 48 out of the 50 agreed that they want a girl whose charm is *natural*!

Isn't that nice to know? Because so many of us already possess the first requisite of natural beauty—a healthy skin; and so many others *can* have it, with just a little more care.

### 73 dermatologists approve Calay

I consulted 73 dermatologists on this very matter of complexions. (Dermatologists, you know, are physicians who specialize in the care of the skin.) How, I asked, can we keep complexions fresh and natural under trying modern conditions?

Every one of these famous specialists advised daily soap-and-water cleansing—with a *gentle* soap. Every one of them agreed that Calay is an *ideally* gentle soap, so mild that they themselves prescribe it.

*No soap but Calay has ever received such medical approval!*

So, on the best professional authority obtainable (and on my own very feminine personal advice) *do* use Calay if you want to keep your complexion naturally lovely. It's a fascinating soap—cameo-white, deliciously fragrant, frothing instantly to creamy velvet lather. Try Calay cleansing twice daily for a week. Watch your skin glow with the fresh, clean, *natural* beauty that men demand!

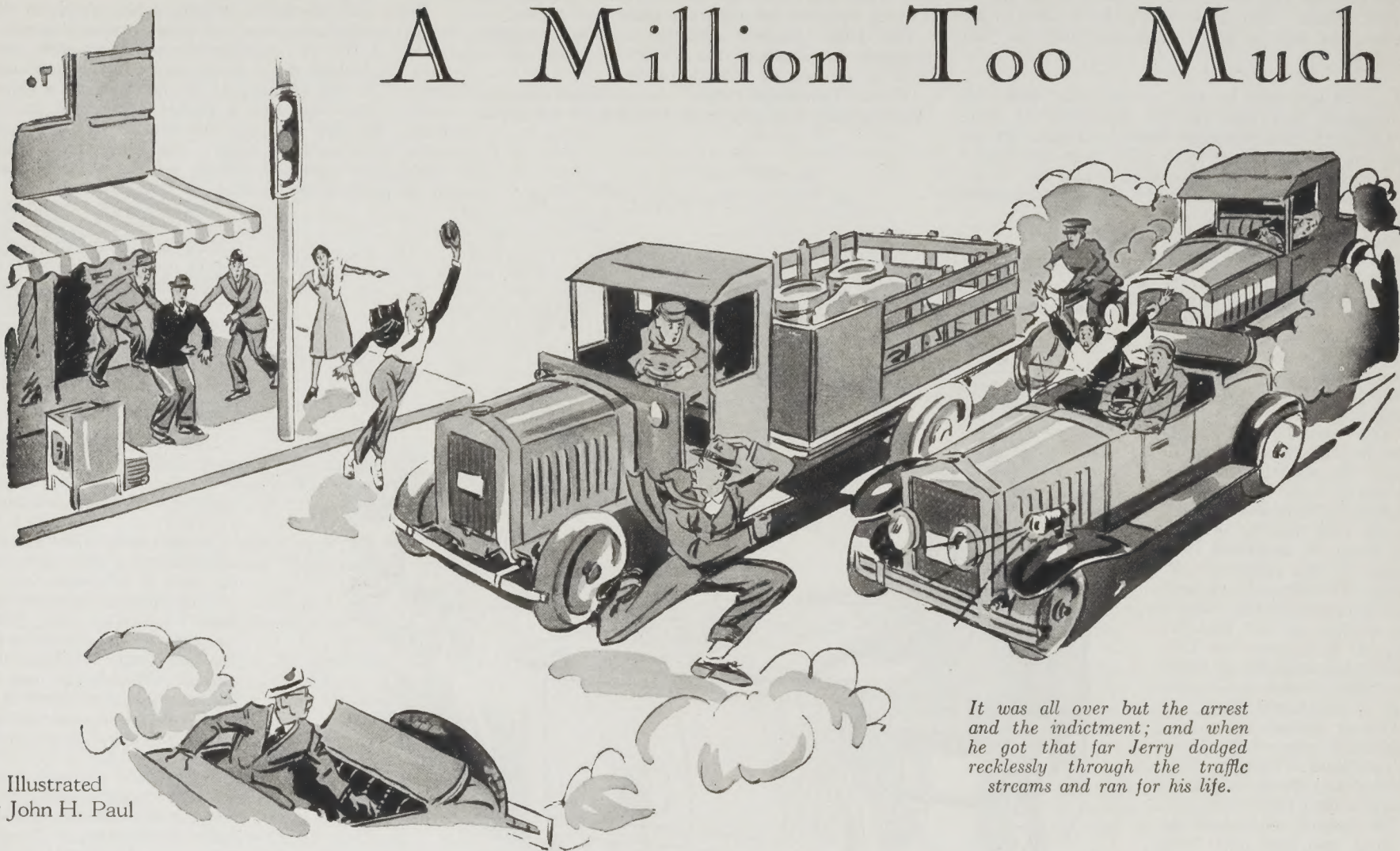
Helen Chase

© 1931, P. & G. Co.





# A Million Too Much



Illustrated  
by John H. Paul

*It was all over but the arrest and the indictment; and when he got that far Jerry dodged recklessly through the traffic streams and ran for his life.*

**B**ECAUSE he liked the smell of a newspaper shop, Jerry Trimble had a sort of courtesy desk in the reporters' room of the *Morning Telegraph*; a desk at which he sat during odd hours in the week to compose paragraph reviews of other people's books, at space rates of five dollars the column. He told Honeybunch—otherwise Mrs. Jerry—that he wrote the reviews because he liked to—which was merely a transparent bit of bluff. She knew, and he knew that she knew, that the columnar five dollars was really the crutch upon which they limped along, while the magazine stories over which he toiled and sweated in the back room of their miniature flat on the North Side were largely the ornamental staff.

Jerry was sitting at this desk one hot morning, alone in the big room because nobody else had yet come down, when the lightning struck. A messenger boy played the part of the lead wire, and Jerry signed for the bolt off-hand on the postal form, quite as if special delivery letters were routine affairs in his busy and blameless life—which they were not.

With admirable self-control he refrained from opening the letter until the retreating boy was doing a double-shuffle vamp down the corridor. A summer forenoon sun was blistering the asphalt in the streets, but from the fifteenth story window at his elbow he looked out upon the lake dimpling under a northeast breeze. A big excursion boat was clearing the breakwater for its run to Milwaukee, and Jerry's heart smote him. For a month he had been threatening to fling a column or two of the book reviews into a day trip for Honeybunch and himself: she loved the water so, and the city heat was wilting her. But one may hardly take outing trips at the expense of one's landlord or of the humble but vitally necessary meal ticket.

Confronted once more by the insurmountable obstacle, Jerry turned his back upon the window allurements and opened the envelope, wondering why the business card in the corner,

SIBLEY, SEXTON AND SIBLEY  
Attorneys at Law  
Denver, Colorado

seemed vaguely familiar. Then he unfolded the sheet, and the lightning-flash blinded him. The letter ran thus:

By Francis Lynde

Author of "The Wreckers," "The Girl, a Horse, and a Dog,"  
"The King of Arcadia," Etc.

"Dear Sir:

"Having been appointed by the court administrators of the state of the late Jeremiah Caldwell, intestate, we write to advise you that, after long and patient investigation, it has been proved to our satisfaction that you are the nearest of kin to the said intestate (the connection dating back two generations on your mother's side), and are therefore his legal heir.

"The estate consists of stocks, bonds, and other securities valued, as per schedule filed with the court, at \$1,090,600, together with \$87,600 cash in banks. Please advise disposition of the property, the sum total of which, less our administrators' fees, is now at your disposal.

"Since it seemed inadvisable to awaken hopes which might prove disappointing, we have not communicated with you since our letter of inquiry of last February, preferring to pursue our investigation independently and notifying you only when all doubts were removed.

"Very truly yours,

"SIBLEY, SEXTON AND SIBLEY  
"Per B."

Jerry read the letter once for the words in it, and a second time for the sense. Then something let go in his brain, and he floated off into space. When he came back to earth he found himself staring out of the window at the lake with its dimpling wavelets flashing in the sun. The lightning stroke had come out of a clear sky. There had been but the one letter, six months earlier, from the Denver law firm. Giving as a reason for the inquiry some vague reference to a genealogical research they were making, they had asked a number of questions about his ancestry, and he had answered them, chiefly because there seemed to be no sufficient reason for being churlish about it.

Having replied to the letter, he remembered how they—he and Honeybunch—had joked over the imaginary fortune which they had pretended was lying in wait behind the lawyers' casual inquiry. And now the incredible, the unthinkable, thing had actually come to pass! Half-absently he turned to the pad of copy paper and began to make figures. Like most

men who write, or wish to write, he was diffident in arithmetic; for which cause he left out the odd \$90,600 and the cash in banks and dealt with the even million. At good sound savings-bank four per cent the income would be—at first he made it four hundred dollars a year, and when that seemed too small he made it four thousand. One more surge put the decimal point in the right place, and again he floated off into the stellar remotenesses. *Forty thousand dollars a year!* The Lord have mercy!

Jerry had read somewhere that, in moments of world wreckings and chaotic cataclysms, the perfectly normal person goes on quietly doing the commonplace task. He had been writing a review of the latest "best-seller" when the lightning had struck, and now he squared himself at the desk and tried to finish it. He might as well have tried to fly without wings. In the midst of a sentence he found himself calculating again—this time with gilt-edged, real estate, first mortgage six per cent as the multiple. Again the ciphers and the decimal point confused him, but he finally arrived at the terrifying result—\$60,000 a year. He shut his eyes and strove to imagine it. It was as impossible as an attempt to measure the height of Mount Everest with a tailor's tape.

Jerry dropped his pencil. Clearly, paragraph reviews at five or any number of dollars a column were out of the question for the time being. Pocketing the Denver letter, he sought the elevators and had himself lowered to the street level. Of course, there must be a mistake, a hideous, monstrous mistake. The letter must have been intended for some other Trimble. Without doubt there were hundreds of William J. Trimbles in the world. Like the rainbow pot of gold, the huge fortune—huge at least to a Jerry Trimble—would vanish into thin air at the first attempt to lay hold of it. For his own peace of mind Jerry resolved to lose no time in applying the vanishing test.

In the writing room of the nearest hotel he composed a telegram to Sibley, Sexton and Sibley.

"Letter received. Wire Lakeside Commercial Bank, Chicago, to pay me"—he nibbled the penstaff, debating as to whether he should say one thousand or five thousand, and finally, with an "Oh, what's the odds!" went on—"fifty thousand dollars on demand. Further instructions by letter."

"That will puncture the bubble all right," he mused, going in search of the telegraph desk. But when the



young woman operator had counted the words and given him the rate he gasped as one who has had a narrow escape. It took the last nickel he had in his pockets—he felt in all of them—to pay for the message.

IT WAS not until he was turning away from the telegraph desk that the full realization of what he had done came smashing down upon him. In the long dry spells between story sales they ran frightfully close to the wind, Honeybunch and he. True, it was pay-day at the *Telegraph*, but pay-day there meant pay-night, and the odd change just squandered on the Denver wire should have covered his carfare to the distant North Side flat, and the cost of two modest luncheons at the Dairy Quick Meal around the corner in Halsted Street—this because they had nibbled the final hole in the meal ticket for breakfast.

Jerry was horrified. His first impulse was to try to recall the telegram and get his money back. He could go without luncheon—it wouldn't be the first time by many—but those few miserable coins meant all the difference between Honeybunch hungry and Honeybunch fed. Wheeling quickly, he saw that the impulse had come too late. The young woman operator was already sending his message to the central office.

For an instant the mental machinery stopped dead and he saw black. Then he came alive with a shock that hurt. Could a man starve the wife of his bosom? And especially a man who had just been notified, however mistakenly, that he had fallen heir to a million odd dollars?

He waited, ripe for robbery, arson, or murder, while the young woman was tapping her key. When the clicking ceased he had invented a desperate expedient.

"Have you sent it?" he asked.

The young woman nodded.

"All right; now please make me a copy, with a signed notation giving the time of sending."

The operator demurred. She had never been asked to do anything like that. The company had no rule covering such things. Jerry, with fear in his heart and honey under his tongue, argued and persuaded. The young woman hesitated, but finally gave him the required duplicate. With the certified copy of the telegram in his pocket, Jerry trudged six squares in the broiling heat to the Lakeside Commercial, the bank where he had a speaking acquaintance with the paying teller, Dabney—Dabney being the person who cashed his infrequent story checks at the usual charge for collection.

It was nearing the noon hour, and there was a lull in the rush of customers when he entered the bank and sought the teller's window.

"Hello, Jerry," said Dabney; "another check? How big is it this time?"

The friendly greeting cut Jerry to the quick. He had come to the bank determined to approach Dabney for a small personal loan, using the magic letter and his telegram merely as a half-joking introduction to the more serious matter. And Dabney was making it hard. Still, the exigencies were biting. A heart-rending picture of Honeybunch going without her luncheon drove him over the brink.

"I haven't any check today, Dabney," he whispered. "More than that, I'm broke, and I've got to have a little money. Read that"—showing the letter between the rods of the brass grille—"read it and see if you think it's good enough to persuade you to lend me a five-spot for a few days."

Now that the dreadful thing was done and could not be undone he hung his head. If there had been any lingering doubt about the mistaken identity hypothesis it was slain now, and he saw himself trading with stolen credentials upon the credulity of a friend. It was only the thought of Honeybunch going without her luncheon that enabled him to plunge again without giving himself time to flinch or to take shame for the change that came over Dabney's

face at the reading of the letter. "Look at this, too, while you're at it," Jerry added, pushing the certified copy of his telegram under the wicket.

The teller scarcely glanced at the telegram. Snapping the latch of the wicket he thrust out a hand to the son of sudden fortune.

"Shake, Trimble, old man!" he exclaimed heartily. "You certainly have my congratulations! A full-grown



Forty thousand dollars a year! Then something let go in his brain, and he floated off into space.

million and then some—Great Moses! No more story checks for yours, eh? What was it you were saying just now about a five-spot? Why, my dear fellow, that's absurd! Come around and meet our cashier."

The teller latched his wicket, called the second man to the window, and led the way to the rear, Jerry following outside of the grilles with his brain in a whirl. A moment later Dabney was introducing him to a man at a desk in a railed-in pen; a most luxurious pen with soft-piled rugs on the floor and mahogany furnishings. Then he found himself sitting in a chair beside the desk and realized that Dabney had given the smooth-shaven, cold-eyed cashier the two deceiving documents to read.

He lost count of the number of deaths he died before the cold-eyed gentleman summoned a clerk with a touch of a push-button, gave him the letter with whispered instructions, and then excused himself brusquely to talk with a customer at the railing. Dimly Jerry understood that by some occult process known only to banks and bankers his letter was being tested out for its genuineness. The clerk returned in due time and put the letter, which had acquired a pinned-on pencilled memorandum in its travels, upon the cashier's desk. The next thing Jerry knew, the cold eyes were smiling genially across at him and the man behind them was saying:

"Dabney says you are needing a little tide-over, Mr. Trimble. Have you an account with us?"

"N-no," said Jerry.

"But I take it from this telegram you have sent that you are intending to open one. We'll anticipate for you. How much do you want?"

For one ridiculous instant Jerry caught himself on the verge of saying: "A five-spot." The ghastly humor of it choked him, and while he hesitated the cashier filled out a promissory note, talking as he wrote.

"We are glad to have you with us, Mr. Trimble, and glad to accommodate you. We'll make it five, and if that isn't enough you may have more. Sign your name right here, if you please." Jerry signed blindly and the blotter in the cashier's hands flicked

over the signature. "Now, if you will step around to the bookkeeper's window—"

Jerry saw the cashier scribble a hieroglyph on the corner of the note, saw the paper passed through a wicket in the wire partition to a waiting clerk, and then felt himself going, going, gone. In the next lucid interval he was standing at the bookkeeper's window with a pass-book and a pocket check-book in his hand. He took one peep into the pass-book and his collar grew suddenly tight. The single credit entry was for five thousand dollars, less the bank discount of six per cent on the loan for thirty days.

Now there is a point beyond which mere jelly-like endurance crystallizes into jaunty daring. Jerry went to a side desk, wrote out a check for a thousand dollars, and a moment later he was shoving it under Dabney's wicket.

"I'll take it in specie, if you please; fives, tens and twenties," he announced calmly.

Dabney laughed. "A thousand dollars in gold coin? Why, man alive! it'll weigh between three and four pounds!"

"I don't care. Give me one of the fives in silver and put the gold in two sacks."

"You writing chaps are the limit!" chuckled the teller stripping his gold rack to fill the two bags. "What's the object? What's the use of having a bank-account and a check-book if you have to lug all this pot metal around with you?"

"It's just a notion," Jerry confided vaguely; and it was—a purely childish notion. Since the attempt to borrow a few dollars had saddled him

with five thousand of them—minus the discount—he had impulsively determined to take a pocketful of gold home to Honeybunch, so that she might—oh, well, it was foolishly unexplainable, but so, for that matter, are hundreds of things the most ordinary mortal does every day of the world.

OBSESSED with the mental picture of Honeybunch's shocked astoundment when he should pour out the sacks of gold for her benefit, Jerry watched the bag filling with a fascinated eye. So, quite unheeded by Jerry, did another: a furtive, narrow chested young fellow who stood on the sidewalk looking on through the plate glass street window opposite the teller's wicket. When Jerry left the bank, with a hand under each coat pocket to hold the weight of the coin, the lounge met him at the door and shuffled after him to the street crossing.

What happened after this was recallable to Jerry only in its general aspect. He remembered letting three street cars pass because they were jammed to the platforms, and that he waited, with a pocket in each hand, in the midst of a jumble of sidewalk obstruction in front of a new steel skyscraper. When the fourth car came it, too, was crowded; but he took it, wedging his way into the aisle jam, and relinquishing his hold upon the weighted pockets only while he was paying his fare out of the loose silver which he had tucked into a waistcoat pocket.

On the way uptown the car crowd thinned out, and when Jerry, still holding his pockets, dropped off at the North Side street, Mrs. Jerry, crisp and sweet, with her pretty, girlish face framed in a modish little hat was waiting for him.

"I was so hungry," she said; "and I thought you'd never come. You mustn't, you really *mustn't*, work overtime in that dingy old newspaper office, Jerry, dear."

Burdened with the pockets, Jerry was for going first to the apartment in the side street and having the golden shock over with. But the luncheon delay would be short, and he contrived to keep the weighted pockets—his feeling also—in the background while the "bread-and-milk-for-two, please" was served at a near-by dairy counter. Past this, the pockets troubled him again, but on the way to the apartment Mrs. Jerry helped out, filling the gap with such a flood of chatter that Jerry, who knew the symptoms, was sure that the postman had brought an unusually big packet of rejected manuscripts on his morning round. "Any mail?" he asked, after they had mounted the final flight of stairs in the apartment



building and Honeybunch was unlocking the door. "Plenty of it," she admitted. "But you are not to bother with it until you've had a little rest. No, you needn't scold; I've hid it, and you shan't have it until after I've seen you laugh."

Jerry staggered into the tiny sitting-room, steadying himself with an arm around her waist. At the table where they sometimes ate, playing at house-keeping, he drew the two sacks from his pockets. "Shut your eyes," he commanded; and then he emptied the two sacks on the table and the universe blew up with a crash. By some hideous trick of legerdemain the two white sacks had been transformed into two dirty pockets ripped from some ragman's coat. And at the climaxing moment had yielded nothing but a handful of common iron washers, slightly rusted as if they had been exposed to the weather.

"Well?" queried the one who was to have been shocked, opening her eyes at the metallic clatter. She was well used to surprises. Jerry had a habit of digging his stories out of all sorts of recondite happenings. "Is it another story?"

Jerry's face was ghastly.

"It is," he rejoined huskily; "the rippingest story that was ever invented, if—if I could only go on and invent some kind of an ending to it. But I can't—I never can."

"Tell it to me," she urged, sitting upon the arm of his chair and poking the pile of washers with an inquiring finger.

Jerry put his elbows on the table and took the creative clutch on his hair; and this time he did not let her see his ghastly smile.

"It opens with two young people, married, desperately poor, struggling for a living, and all that. Man gets a letter from lawyers telling him that he has fallen heir to an incredible pot of money, and—"

"How much?" put in the perching listener.

"Oh, say a million or more. Man blows up, of course; goes off his head; knows there must be some horrible mistake—that he *can't* be the rightful heir. Still, he is ass enough to send a telegram. Paying for the wire takes every nickel he has in the world—and his wife is waiting to go to luncheon with him. Climax, first scene."

"Fine!" she applauded, clapping her hands. "How did you ever come to think of such a beautiful situation as that, Jerry, dear?"

"It—it just came to me," he stammered.

"Well, go on."

"Man has a fit when he realizes; tries to stop telegram and get his money back; too late—wire's already been sent. I forgot to say that the wire asked the Denver lawyers to telegraph him fifty thousand to one of the banks; just a bluff you know, to see how far the ghastly mistake could run before it would trip and fall down. Fit subsides and leaves man cold and trembly and desperate; no street car fare and no money to buy wife's luncheon. Get the idea?"

You are making it seem real enough to bite!" was the shuddery answer.

"Sure it bites," said Jerry, warming to his task. "Some thing's got to be done, and done quick. Man gets an idea: makes telegraph operator give him a certified copy of his message, and with that and the letter he goes to the bank, meaning to make a joke of the thing, and on the strength of the joke to borrow a five-spot from the paying teller, whom he knows—just a little. Weakens at last moment and shows teller letter and telegram copy without explaining. Teller blows up; jerks wicket open to shake hands. 'Congratulations! Bully for you, old man! Come around and meet our cashier'—and all that."

"I see!" gurgled the chair-arm delightedly. "And then?"

"Man has another fit. When he comes out of it he finds that he has met the cashier; that the hideous mistake has been taken for the real thing; that he has had a five thousand dollar borrow shoved at him; and that he has signed a thirty-day note for that amount. At that he goes off his head completely."

"Of course he would. Oh, splendid! What next?"

"Next, he does the most foolish thing ever—as he might under the shock of it. He cashes a check for a thousand dollars, gets it in two sacks of gold coin, and starts for home: mixed motives, of course; has some silly idea of dumping the gold into his wife's lap and letting her play with it for a while; she was a poor girl, you know—college professor's daughter, or an editor's—and she had never seen that much money at one time in all her life; idiotic notion on man's part, of course, but entirely human. When he reaches home he finds that the two coin sacks have been mysteriously transformed into two dirty coat pockets containing rusty iron washers. He has been 'frisked' in the crowded street car. Climax, second scene."

His audience of one slipped an arm around his neck and pressed a soft cheek against his hair-clutching fingers.

"Splendid!" she murmured. "And you have worked it out to the final bit of realism—even to finding a pair of old pockets and filling them with the rusty iron things! How could you invent it all, Jerry?"

Jerry looked around at her with stony eyes.

"I didn't invent it at all," he said soberly. "It all happened just as I've been telling you, and I am the goat," and with that he handed her the Denver lawyers' letter.

If he had missed seeing the shock which should have gone with the dumping of the coin sacks, he had a pretty fair substitute for it now in the widening of the slate-gray eyes, the sudden pallor driving the blood from the pretty cheeks, the breath coming in stifling gasps.

"J-Jerry!" she faltered, slipping from the chair arm to stand confronting him. "Do you mean to s-say that we've got a m-million dollars all our own?"

"Hold hard, little woman," he broke in quickly. "It isn't ours; it couldn't by any possibility be ours, you know."

"But it is—I know it is!" she sobbed, dropping into a chair to hide her face in the crook of a round arm bent upon the table. "It's ours, and we're disgustingly rich, and now you'll never, never write the great American novel! Oh, why couldn't he have left it to an orphan asylum or something it couldn't spoil!"

This was a point of view that hadn't occurred to Jerry, though now he saw the force of it immediately. What man, never so deeply bitten by the writing

bad as if we were going to have sixty thousand a year. I've lost a thousand of the bank's money, and I don't know but what they can send me to Joliet for false pretenses, if they want to."

The prison prospect, or the reference to it, had apparently glanced off when she lifted a pair of April eyes to his.

"Why couldn't your granduncle, or whoever he was, have made a will and left us just a little—just a few thousands to tide us over to the time when you're going to succeed? Jerry, it's—it's a whole million too much! We don't want it. It'll spoil us for ever and ever!"

"Hold hard," cautioned Jerry again. "You're still on the wrong tack; it isn't ours—it can't be ours. And the bank—"

Slowly the light in the slate-gray eyes came back to the normal and a hand went up to pat Jerry's face.

"After we've been married years instead of months maybe I'll learn to be a grown-up woman, Jerry, dear. Of course it isn't ours, and equally of course we are in a horrible tangle of trouble. What will you do?"

"There is only one thing to do. I must go back to the bank people and tell them what has happened. They can take the four thousand that's left in my account, and if they'll give us time we can wear out the other thousand by littles. But oh, Honeybunch, it breaks my heart to think that I've got to make you pinch and save for months just because I—"

What followed need not be set down here; but a few minutes later, Jerry, with a sort of joyous-martyr light in his eyes, was running to board a down-town car for his fagot-pile.

BY THE time the car reached the river he had whipped out some sort of a plan. With Dabney for his intercessor he must tell his wretched story of needless disaster, throwing himself upon the mercy of the hard-eyed cashier. But it is one thing to resolve and quite another to perform. Leaving the car a square short of the Lakeside Commercial, Jerry circled the block, taking the long way around in order to give himself time to screw his courage to the sticking point.

The expedient failed miserably. At the corner of approach he would be fully determined; but by the time he reached the bank steps, where he could steal a glance at Dabney, busy at his wicket, a cold breeze would be blowing up the back of his neck, and he would hurry past, heaping maledictions upon his lack of courage in one breath, and in the next swearing that another round would find him plucking the needful daring out of the heart of despair.

In the last of these futile circlings he made sure that Dabney saw and beckoned to him. That, of itself, was enough to make him duck and run. Past the corner and in the safety of another street he had a fresh shock. Some inner sense told him that the man in a gray suit, a man wooden-faced and shrewd-eyed, over whom he had twice stumbled at this same corner, was following him.

Panic stricken, he hurried on and tried to lose himself in a Clark Street sidewalk crowd. It was useless. When he came out again at the bank corner the man in gray was less than a dozen strides behind him. That settled it. The bank had telegraphed and found out that he was not the William J. Trimble to whom the money was left. It was all over but the arrest and the indictment; and when he got that far Jerry dodged recklessly through the traffic streams and ran for his life.

That, too, was no use. When he stopped to take breath, he was on the harbor front, gulping down great mouthfuls of lake breeze and glancing about like any hunted thing for a hole to hide in. The hole was

needed. He must have time to think and plan.

For a moment or two he made sure he had shaken off the man in gray. Then, with his heart thumping like a trip-hammer, he saw the man turn the nearest corner and come straight toward him. Jerry, who could portray a fight so that reasonably imaginative readers could hear the sound of the blows and see the blood, had never, in [Continued on page 26]



"J-Jerry!" she faltered, slipping from the chair arm to stand confronting him. "Do you mean to s-say that we've got a m-million dollars all our own?"

worm, could ever survive an attack of sixty thousand dollars a year? In an instant he had turned comfort.

"There, there—don't you worry a single minute, Honeybunch," he consoled, kissing the defenseless back of her neck. "It isn't ours, you must remember; I knew it the moment I had opened the letter. But we're in a horrible mess, just the same; almost as



# Forgiving and Forgetting War Debts

**W**HAT is all this noise over world trade, the cancellation of war debts, and the Russian Five-year Plan?

Who wants to know?

John Doe, Richard Roe and all their friends, their kith and kin, want to know.

Well, mister, that is a big order. A great deal of printers' ink and political oratory is being expended on that problem right now. Perhaps we had better ask some gentlemen who are on the "inside," such as Sir Henry Thornton, Mr. E. W. Beatty, Premier Bennett, Premier MacDonald, Premier Briand, Premier Mussolini, President Hoover, Mr. Montagu Norman, Sir Henri Deterding, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Secretary Mellon, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Mr. Samuel Insull, Mr. Owen D. Young or Mr. Henry Ford. Also, of course, Messieurs Stalin and Trotsky, the bold commissars.

These gentlemen admit things are happening: they claim to be playing ball with us, who represent the "innocent bystanders;" yet there are some things they can't tell, at least for a while.

Under the circumstances, let us indulge in a few facts and a bit of surmise, on the theory that cats may look at kings. Come in, friend, and make yourself at home in the big international circus tent. You must not be surprised if you find the Bolshevik Bear monopolizing the centre ring, assisted by the smiling individual in the red fez, who hails from Constantinople. That flea-bitten rascal crashed the gate of respectable society and, as George Bernard Shaw would say, "upset the apple-cart." If he doesn't make good, he is going to be thrown out.

But this show is not merely a round of optical illusions; it calls for brain work. If we want to know what is going on, we must prod our cerebral hemispheres. In order to get anything out of it we are required to adopt a sort of detached attitude—to lay aside preconceived notions and prejudices derived from custom, religion, nationality or race. For even a limited comprehension of European conditions today we need an adequate set of maps, showing (a) the boundaries of states prior to the opening of the Great European War in 1914, (b) the boundaries as they were fixed in 1919 in the Treaty of Versailles, and (c) the lines as they are now, as nearly as can be determined. Thus prepared, we shall be ready for certain facts not generally spoken of in this way.

According to the most enlightened opinion, the Great War was fought for a certain amount of high idealism and also for plain bread-and-butter purposes. It was complicated by a diversity of tongues, border lines, religions and national interests; verily, a magnified Tower of Babel was leveled, and its contents were spewed across the fair face of Europe and Asia Minor. The glorified prize at the end was the luscious bone of world trade. Germany had it within her reach, only to let it slip away. The Allies seized it, but dropped it like the dog in the nursery tale which went after the image reflected in the stream. The outlawed Bolsheviks, noting the struggle between the chief contenders, seem to have run off with the bone—for the time being, at least. The prize having disappeared, the chief contenders have ceased their quarrel and joined in a search for the other. Such is the fashion, honor is thus satisfied, in affairs of this kind. The next number on the program will be—but that is looking too far ahead.

*Allies Receive German "Dole" as Russia Works Overtime to Capture Trade.*

By George M. Battey, Jr.

**U**P to March, 1917, the Russians fought with the Allies against the Germans under the leadership of Czar Nicholas II. In that fateful month occurred the overthrow of the monarchy at St. Petersburg and the installation of a provisional government headed by Gen. Alexander Kerensky, who had seen service on the Persian and Mesopotamian fronts. After borrowing a great deal of Allied money and fighting a while, the Kerensky regime was routed by the Bolsheviks under Leon Trotsky and Nikolai Lenin, in November following. In March, 1918, the Bolsheviks made a separate peace with Germany, and began spinning their structure of a world dominated by the proletariat. Fearing that the Bolsheviks would aid the Germans secretly or openly, the Allies declared war upon them and sent expeditions against St. Petersburg from the north and against Moscow from the south, while a Siberian expedition drove west from Vladivostok towards Moscow. In the northern and eastern of these expeditions troops of the United States joined those of Britain and France.

The Bolshevik hornets' nest, swatted from three sides, gave forth a mighty swarm of hornets. After a while the Allies decided to withdraw. Germany had collapsed, but Russia seemed to grow stronger. Premiers Lloyd George and Clemenceau and President Wilson, sitting in the peace conference, decided Allied resources were at an end; the only thing to do was to let the Bolshevik blaze burn itself out. The British were the last to leave, and Mr. Lloyd George remarked that out of \$400,000,000 they expended in the Bolshevik adventure emerged no tangible political assets. A practical statesman is Mr. Lloyd George.

Attention was then riveted on the amount of war damage Germany should pay the Allies, and how much the Allies owed each other. The Bolsheviks became the original repudiationists; they piously proclaimed that by revolting from the rule of the Czar they had washed their hands of his debts. Lord Balfour was authority for the statement that Russia owed Britain \$3,250,000,000 and Britain's allies \$6,500,000,000; total \$9,750,000,000. Since the Bolsheviks then, in 1922, had no bank account and there was some precedent for their contention, the Allies kissed this item goodbye early in the game, and began to pick on the carcass of Germany.

The war had cost nearly \$200,000,000,000, exclusive of 10,000,000 lives and 20,000,000 more in wounded and missing; quite a mess of money and men to decide which nation or group of nations should dominate world trade. Of this stupendous total Germany was required to pay a substantial portion; in addition, as a sort of sop to Cerberus, a "Hang-the-Kaiser" movement was started. Kaiser Wilhelm II was the wealthiest monarch in the world, and when he was driven from Berlin by the mock German revolution, he took refuge in an estate in Doorn, Holland, whence it was impossible to dislodge him. There he started sawing and chopping wood, an example in quiet accomplishment that has not been entirely lost upon his former subjects.

The Allied statesmen had had little or no banking experience, so they called in a banker, Chas. G. Dawes, of Chicago, vice-president of the United

States in the Coolidge administration, to estimate what Germany should pay. General Dawes drew up the so-called Dawes Plan, which underwent various modifications and finally was superseded by the Young Plan,

sponsored by Owen D. Young, a lawyer and chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Co. and of the Radio Corporation of America. By early calculations it was figured that Germany should pay reparations during 42 years, to a total of \$56,000,000,000. Germany balked, and under pressure from her champions, who maintained that this sum was fantastic, the amount was whittled down to \$31,000,000,000, payable in 25 years. Germany balked again, asking a smaller principal and more time.

The Young Plan calculators retired a while, and on returning asked \$27,000,000,000, payable at the rate of 2,000,000,000 gold marks (approximately \$500,000,000) a year for 37 years from 1930, or 74,000,000,000 gold marks (\$18,500,000,000) by 1967; and 1,500,000,000 gold marks (approximately \$375,000,000) a year for 22 years from 1967, or an additional \$8,250,000,000 by 1989: grand total in round numbers, \$27,000,000,000.

This was exceedingly liberal on the part of the Allies and the concession was made in order to tempt Germany to sign and insure the removal of French troops from the Rhineland. The repudiationist movement had grown fast in Germany following the decline of Allied power, particularly in Russian and Near Eastern affairs. How potent this movement had become was evidenced in the German elections of last fall, when the supporters of Adolph Hitler, called "Nazis," rolled up a vote of more than 6,000,000 in favor of tearing up the peace treaties, maintaining a large military establishment and restoring the German boundaries of 1914.

Now there was a joker in the deal of this final settlement which would not be detected by the casual onlooker. The sum of \$27,000,000,000 represents principal plus accrued simple and compound interest spread through 59 years. Boiled down, the principal sum asked of Germany is only \$9,000,000,000, while interest amounting to \$18,000,000,000 makes up the balance. Germany's ability to pay was reckoned on a basis of what France paid her after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71; France buckled down and in two years discharged an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000, or \$500,000,000 a year.

We have shown that Russia owed the Allies \$9,750,000,000 and that Germany owes the Allies (if paid today, without interest) \$9,000,000,000. Curiously enough, these sums are approximately the same as the Allies owed the United States before the scaling process began. According to the World Almanac, a Treasury Department statement from Washington, as of Nov. 15, 1922, showed that the Allies owed the United States \$11,656,932,737 (\$10,102,140,829 principal and \$1,554,791,908 interest); approximately \$4,000,000,000 of this principal sum was loaned

during the war for military purposes, and \$6,000,000,000 after the war, for reconstruction. A considerable part of the \$6,000,000,000, it may be added in passing, went for expensive military establishments in opposition to the spirit of disarmament: the \$4,000,000,000 was forgiven because it went for war on the enemy powers, while the \$6,000,000,000 is still outstanding as a target for further attack. In sum, the amounts the Allies



The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George



The Ex-Kaiser of Germany



owed the United States, the Germans owed the Allies and Associated Powers, and the Russians owed the Allies were the same. The groundwork was automatically laid, then, for a general forgiving and forgetting of war debts; and it must be the somewhat reluctant conclusion of the writer of this article that the way is paved for cancellation all around or repudiation by Germany, which would probably be



Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna

followed by the collapse of the whole war debt structure. The reluctance does not concern itself so much with the cancellation of these enormous burdens born of war as with the moral effect such action may have on lesser obligations. Nations are but groups of individuals. How will nations which cancel or repudiate war debts expect private debts to be honored, especially in times when conditions are such that thousands in populous neighborhoods have ceased to pay taxes and are praying for a general debt moratorium? With such an example, what course would business concerns follow under an economic structure which has been shaken to its foundations?

THERE is another important angle in addition to the sentimental side and the argument that debt forgiveness will stimulate trade and consequently prove good business. If a government borrows from its people on the promise or the theory that the vanquished are to be made to pay the amount, which will be used to reduce taxes at home, it can not morally deny this tax windfall and require more from the lenders without getting a direct mandate from them. Further, few governments will shoulder such a responsibility with the idea of waging future wars, for it is doubtful if the investing public would respond. It is becoming more difficult, as human knowledge and intercourse increase, to pit one nation against another or group against group. Quite possibly we have fought the last general war. Certainly no nation or group has stomach for further folly as long as the recent one is unpaid for, and considering that victors as well as losers went bankrupt. National energy and patriotism are turning toward the further conquest of nature and science, and away from the slaughter of men.

The campaign for cancellation of war debts originated with certain bankers and business leaders who saw in the discharge of these monumental obligations a deterrent to the normal flow of trade.

Twelve thousand bankers came together in the forty-eighth annual convention of the American Bankers' Association at New York City late in 1922, and Thomas W. Lamont, of the financial house of J. P. Morgan & Co., said:

"Over a year ago the British realized that the Germans could or would never pay anything like the reparations fixed in the Versailles treaty. Later, the Belgian Government became similarly convinced, and now in France... there has come to be the same recognition of the fact... Let us by investigation determine what if any of these debts are in any way uncollectible, and so should be written off in order to quit fooling ourselves... Emphatically, let us figure... whether the payment of these debts... is going to prove an asset or a liability to American business."

Thomas B. McAdams, of Richmond, president of the American Bankers' Association, stated that if prosperity were to come, the United States must use her "resources in brains and money to help bring about a practical solution of the chaotic situation now threatening to destroy the economic life of Europe."

Reginald McKenna, former chairman of the British Exchange and later chairman of the Board of Directors of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., said in part:

"In the report to the Reparations Commission the Bankers' Committee which sat early this year in Paris laid stress upon the need to resume normal trade conditions between the countries and to stabilize exchanges, and they came to the conclusion that neither of these aims could be accomplished without a definite settlement of the reparations and the other international debts. The general conclusion is that these international debts are too great for the capacity of any of the debtor countries except England."

"England has the ability to pay, and I can unhesitatingly assert her determination to honor her bond in full."

The convention of bankers adopted a resolution which stated in part:

"There is no probability of a healthy and normal situation in this country until the nations with whom we trade are able to pay us for what they import. As this can be done in the main only by means of exports to us, we trust that the President (Warren G. Harding) will not hesitate to make use of the power granted him by the new tariff law to make such adjustment in the schedules as may be necessary from time to time for a restoration of our internal commerce. We believe that the time has come for the Government of our country to formulate the principles on which it will be able to co-operate with other nations to bring about the needed rehabilitation of European countries and peace in the world."

On May 4, 1931, at Washington, President Hoover reminded 1,000 delegates to the sixth annual conference of the International Chamber of Commerce that recent economic troubles are merely a recurrence of the ills that have followed every large war, and he added significantly, "It is needless for me to emphasize the high degree of economic interdependence of the world."

Georges Theunis, president of the International Chamber of Commerce and former premier of Belgium, reminded the delegates that while economic conditions were acute, "It is erroneous to state that Russia has brought about the existing world overproduction of wheat, since the accumulation of wheat in the United States and Canada existed before Russia's appearance in the market."

A SERIOUS panic followed close on the heels of the Franco-Prussian War, but the economic Sword of Damocles did not descend upon Civil War survivors in the United States

until 1873, or eight years after the close of the conflict. We may find an interesting parallel between the Civil and Great European wars. In the former the Southern Confederacy was backed secretly by English banking and commercial interests which wished to wrest from New England the cotton business of Dixie, and politically to annex New England to Canada; the parallel here concerns the fight over trade.

The South tried to smuggle the cotton out to England, where it was mortgaged in exchange for the aforesaid backing. The North tried to seize it and ship it to the New England mills. President Lincoln required his generals to give a receipt to owners for cotton seized, and it was his plan to indemnify the South at the end of the war so it would have something to go on. Cotton was shuttled all over the South, through mountain and valley, to seacoast and back to interior, to avoid the Northern armies. The bullet fired at Mr. Lincoln by the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, put an end to the indemnification scheme.

At the opening of the Civil War, Southern planters and merchants owed Northern merchants \$400,000,000. Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, told the "Rebels" to pay this money into the Southern treasury, else it would be used for munitions to shoot at them. Mr. Davis would settle with the "Yankees" when the South had won. The result went the other way; the English interests bet on the wrong horse and lost their money, since the South had nothing left with which to pay.

At the close there were some 3,500,000 bales of cotton in the South, weighing some 300 pounds per bale, and the best grades brought about \$1 a pound. What a wild scramble for cotton! Like the land owned by many who had fallen in battle, title to cotton was badly clouded, so possession proved nine points of the law, and Governors of states, having lost heavily in the war and finding themselves the custodians of numerous bales, disposed of the same to the best advantage.

Another parallel links Jefferson Davis with Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. As stated above, a "Hang-the-Kaiser!" movement thrived in 1919; Mr. Lloyd George was conspicuously a party to the cry. In 1865 a "Hang-Jeff Davis!" clamor served to appease popular wrath in the North. Mr. Davis was kept in prison at Fortress Monroe, Va., two years, part of the time in chains. Horace Greeley, New York editor and political leader, went on his bond, and he died without the benefit of restored citizenship at his Mississippi plantation.

A third parallel is found in the fact that the territory of the conquered was invaded during reconstruction by victorious hosts. The Allies marched into Germany, and the Carpetbaggers into the South. Under the plea of "reconstructing," the Carpetbaggers executed much mischief, and were finally driven out by the hooded order, the original Ku Klux Klan. Of course there was profiteering in both wars, as in every other; but the promises of great riches in war always exceed the performances, and even as mass man-murder stains the public conscience, so does the material loot prove illusory more often than otherwise.

People resorted to pleasure, extravagance and speculation after the Civil War: they did the same from 1919 to 1929, when the New York Stock Crash came, and the wonder in this latter instance is that the appearance of prosperity could have been kept up so long. While the joy-riding was in progress in Europe and the Western World, with little thought seriously given to repairing a \$200,000,000,000 war wastage, the literal-minded Bolsheviks went to work with a vim. At one savage stroke the Bolsheviks wiped out their past and began with a new slate. Russia has been depicted as a bear whose head and fore paws project into Europe, whose body covers Siberia, and whose hind paws are made of Turkish clay. We can also think of "Old Boots and Whiskers" in this way: he wears a dough face, pointed toward Germany and France, while he labors unceasingly and unseen behind that convenient screen in the direction of the Far East and the Near East. Like a giant percolator Russia receives the mystic vapours of Islam, and incorporates them in its diplomacy. Through that narrow neck of land between the Black and Caspian Seas which is crowned by the lofty Carpathians and which is its secret side door entrance into Asia Minor, [Continued on page 42]



President Hoover



Owen D. Young



# Shirley's Vicarious Motherhood

By Graham Cathcart

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen



*A black bathing suit set off her white skin and the copper of her hair.*

**S**HIRLEY DUMAURIER stretched out her long, well-proportioned legs and dug her toes fiercely into the warm sand. A black bathing suit set off her white skin and the copper of her hair. In one hand she twirled the strap of a black and white striped rubber cap shaped like an aviator's helmet.

It was August and Fisher's Cove literally swarmed with children and the mothers of children. There was Mrs. Marsh, thin, nervous, in a chronic state of panic over her only son, a venturesome youngster of eight or nine. Beside her sat Mrs. Devlin, a tall blonde with three children. Further off Shirley could see the professor's wife in a scarlet bathing dress, busy disentangling her robust twins, aged four, who had got themselves mixed up with a bit of seaweed and a dead cod.

Watching the antics of the children in the water and catching fragments of the conversation which drifted towards her, Shirley felt violently out of tune

with her surroundings. Soon they would all be returning to the city and the merits and demerits of different schools were being hotly debated. With what seemed to Shirley amazing earnestness the mothers discussed the pros and cons of dancing and music lessons, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. Drearily Shirley wondered what she herself would be doing.

"I wonder if it's going to be like this always?" she asked herself impatiently—"planning from season to season what I ought to do or else just filling in the chinks in other people's bigger, fuller lives. Even now I'm only here in order to take care of Ann and Peggy while their mother's back in town having the house redecorated . . . I suppose I'll stay at home till after Christmas—do a bit of social service, go to a number of stupid parties all more or less the same—help with the Women's Council and perhaps join Judy and her husband in Egypt after the New Year . . . Dinners and teas, amateurish charity work and a general effort to give people the impression that I'm perfectly happy and contented!"

The waves lapped softly at her feet. Some fishermen with nets slung over their shoulders swung leisurely past, their bare

brown legs glistening in the sun.

Shirley let her bathing cap drop and picked up a handful of golden sand, watching it slip between her fingers while her eyes strayed towards a group sitting a little apart, of which Mrs. Forsyth, a southern American with a slight drawl, was the centre. At the moment she was loling on a violet beach cushion between her father and the doctor who had arrived a few days before.

Tall, spare and broad-shouldered, with eyes like the blue of the Arctic sea, he seemed to Shirley rather out of the picture in the distinctly feminine landscape.

"What's he doing in a place like this—sans country club, sans golf, sans men, sans everything one associates with a man's holiday?" inquired Mrs. Marsh the day after his arrival.

"Getting over ptomain poisoning, my dear," responded Mrs. Forsyth. "I imagine his housekeeper feeds him entirely on tinned food. . . Archie met him

overseas during the war. They're by way of being great friends."

"I suppose that's how he comes to be here?" questioned Shirley, who had joined the group on the hotel verandah waiting for dinner.

"Yes. Arch found him at the club poring over a time table in hopes of inspiration! Hadn't the foggiest idea where to go, so Arch suggested this place . . . He's woman shy!" she added.

"I detest woman haters—conceited creatures," put in Mrs. Marsh with asperity. "What's this one's particular grudge against us?"

"Arch says he isn't really a woman hater! Thinks he might even marry again if he found the right sort of female! Aren't men funny about each other?"

Mrs. Marsh's eyebrows went up. "He isn't a bachelor then?" she queried with redoubled interest. "Widower or divorced?"

"Widower. He never speaks of his wife, but a man Arch met coming out from England last year had known them both quite well and he told Arch something about it. Seems she was a marvel to look at—face like a Raphael angel and the heart of a gold-digger. She turned out all wrong too, in the end . . . Everyone wondered why he didn't divorce her long before . . ."

"What did he do?"

"Went off to the war, hoping he'd get shot, I suppose. Apparently it seemed the only way to a number of disillusioned husbands! He nearly did get killed too—frightfully wounded. But he just didn't die. Probably because he wanted to. Things often happen that way, don't they?"

As Mrs. Forsyth finished speaking Shirley tightened the thread in the last stitch of a button-hole she was making in Peggy's pyjamas and decided she would like to know Dr. Carstairs. But he had kept very much to himself excepting when he was driving with Mrs. Forsyth in her big green roadster, and Shirley had no aptitude for making an opportunity or setting the stage as she had watched other women do . . .

**O**N THE beach the topic of conversation amongst the mothers shifted from schools to the vagaries of children's appetites. Shirley felt that in another moment she would scream.

"Miss Dumaudier, have you any ideas to give us on the subject of making children eat things they hate—especially spinach?" asked Mrs. Devlin, who liked Shirley and wished Mrs. Forsyth would not constitute herself a sort of barbed-wire entanglement around Dr. Carstairs.

The question brought Shirley abruptly back from her speculations. She drew herself together and jumped up.

"I'd rather be left out of the discussion please" she parried, leaping into the water and cutting quick strokes through its green translucency. "Bachelor's



wives and old maid's children you know," she called back laughing.

Dr. Carstairs allowed his eyes to follow the black and white cap.

"Trying to attract his attention," thought Mrs. Forsyth, noticing the direction of the doctor's glance. "Wasted effort my dear—if ever he marries again, which is highly improbable, it'll most likely be a widow with ten children!"

Far out from shore Shirley turned on her back and lay staring at the mackerel clouds trailing lazily across the sky. Clear skin, smooth as a gardenia petal, slim figure, coppery hair; she didn't look her thirty odd years. Occasionally however, she reminded herself that women—unlike wine and old furniture—do not improve with age.

"Sound and healthy and normal—that's me!" she reflected as she lay rocking gently with the rise and fall of the waves. "Life seems to go on forever in the same old groove. Nothing unexpected or different—nothing the least exciting ever comes my way!"

AS A youngster Shirley had been healthy and average; her only sister Vera had been delicate and daring. On one occasion Vera had been thrown from her pony and panic reigned when the groom, white-faced and breathless, rushed to the house with the news that the filly had galloped riderless back to the stable with a broken bridle and one girth hanging loose. Later, Vera, white and shaken in her little sheath-like riding habit, was driven home by the seventeen year old son of their next-door neighbors. Shirley could still recall the gust of childish fury which swept over her as she watched Vera—the centre of the stage—tenderly carried up the steps into the hall.

Years after when war broke over a startled world, the man Shirley was engaged to had joined the first Canadian contingent and died ingloriously of spinal meningitis two weeks before the regiment sailed.

Vera's fiancée had joined too. He got to France by Easter and later was severely wounded and mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry. Vera had sailed hurriedly for England in a whirl of sympathetic attention.

Shirley had remained at home keeping house for her mother. She joined the Ladies' Patriotic League and spent two mornings a week at a canteen, in a linen overall and Army Nurses veil, serving fried eggs to departing soldiers. In the afternoons she went to the local Red Cross chapter and operated skillfully on terrifying confections listed as sox.

After three hectic months in England Vera had returned—a war bride—all glamour and tender solicitude for her handsome husband still only convalescent.

Shortly after the birth of Vera's first child their mother had died and then life had seemed empty enough to Shirley. . . . A "career" did not appeal to her. Neither did the idea of living in a bachelor establishment by herself, so she had drifted along as part of her sister's household, watching Vera's children growing up and darning sox for Vera's husband to wear. Lately people had begun chaffing her about being a confirmed old maid and had hinted that she was becoming difficult and hard to please.

"I wonder if they're right" she murmured, turning on her side and looking towards the shore. The beach was almost deserted. A few long strokes brought her in.

"Mustn't be late for dinner" she admonished herself hurrying across the sand. "This is blue-berry pie day and Ann will be heart-broken if we're not in time for a second helping! . . . ."

ALL next day the rain came down in a sodden drizzle; and Fisher's Cove was at its dreariest in wet weather. The hotel guests, having exhausted the interest of bridge, suggested getting up an entertainment for the benefit of the Seamen's Institute. Shirley groaned. She loathed amateur efforts of this sort—especially as she was always expected to sing; but the motion was carried and she found herself, as usual, down for a "vocal selection." The evening proved no better than her expectations. The people from the surrounding cottages and camps, glad of something to do, arrived in full force and every number was encored enthusiastically, even the inevitable recitation by one of the waiters—a young dental



His fingers touched her wrist. "There's something I want to talk to you about" he finished.

student working his way through college and afflicted with a stammer.

Shirley in a tawny red-gold dress stifled her laughter and wished she could escape. She felt an impish desire to burlesque her own number which was near the end of the programme. She had chosen a very short, very modern little song adapted from the Scandinavian, and much to her surprise she sang it a great deal better than she ever remembered having done.

As she gathered up her music and thanked the pianist she noticed Dr. Carstairs leaning against the jamb of the door. Her eyes met his and there was a gleam of admiration and half-amused curiosity in the glance he sent her. She saw him pass his hand across his forehead and saunter out through the screen door.

"Gad" he muttered to himself—"that place is like the forcing house at Kew! Why don't they open a window I wonder?" His head ached from the noise and heat inside and he was glad to find the verandah deserted. He wanted to be alone. The rain had ceased, but the trees still dripped softly through the darkness. The wind had dropped and he could hear the subdued roar of the surf on the beach.

Occasionally the honk of a passing motor broke the stillness of the night. For more than an hour he paced slowly up and down puffing at a short briar pipe. It was a rule with him never to allow his mind to dwell on the past but this evening he seemed unable to control his thoughts.

DR. CARSTAIRS was not the only person who had fled from the crowd. Shirley helped to count the collection and distribute the refreshments; then she slipped quietly up to bed. But she did not go to sleep. She switched on the light and opened a book. At the end of a few moments she realized that she was not taking in a single word; instead, she found herself wondering what the doctor would be thinking about, alone with the wet darkness of the night.

"Men are self-sufficient creatures, really—they seldom seem to need us!" she reflected absently while her mind strayed back over the story she had heard from Mrs. Forsyth's father who, like most elderly men, was attracted by Shirley and often invited her to join him for a constitutional on the sands.

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, Roscoe Carstairs had married—carried away by his infatuation for a creature as beautiful as she was heartless. Before the end of their honeymoon Roscoe had discovered his mistake. Lola found quite amazing ways of making life well-nigh intolerable for him, not the least of which was the sort of person she chose to be friends with.

Returning late one evening from the hospital where he had been called for an emergency operation he found a note addressed to him in his wife's hand writing. It contained the information that she was leaving him for a theatrical manager who wanted her to understudy the character part in a new play he was producing.

A week later Major Roscoe Carstairs, in a very new uniform and shiny Sam Brown, walked up the gang-plank of a departing troop-ship and was quietly absorbed by the war. He was sent to Mesopotamia where Shirley's imagination could picture him in that hell of drought, sickness, and fly-infested heat; still tortured by the thought of [Continued on page 35]



# REDEMPTION

By  
Mary Shannon

IT WAS the year 1914, and through the Green Timber of British Columbia September passed with torches of russet and gold. Deep in shadow the trail wound, where, gun on shoulder, Sam Bertrand swung homeward. Tanned, earth-soiled, his tall sinewy form was scarcely distinguishable from the brown-barked cedars and firs. His hard dark eyes glittered as they sought the long aisles of shadow. He had been gone a month. A whole month since he had walked beneath these trees, a scurry of wild life fleeing before him. But today. . . .

He halted, face darkening. High in the sunset glow he caught the rainbow flicker of wings. The forest shook with trills of gladness. They had grown bold, these creatures! They had forgotten him! He would let them know that he was back, back in his own again!

A blue-jay alighted on a mossy stump, chattering gaily. Sam swung his rifle to his shoulder, fired, and the headless body of the bird lay limp among the ferns. A frightened squirrel scurried up a tree and paused uncertainly on a limb. Another shot brought it, a whirling ball of fur to the ground.

Sam walked on under branches now hushed and still. Beneath a maple tree he raked aside the glory of fallen leaves. It was there still, a dark stain of blood. A pulsing rage swept him back a month to that day when he had been returning from the Lower Country with five hundred dollars in his pocket, the reward he had earned by killing the cougars that were devastating the sheep ranches there. The news of his almost incredible feat had electrified the country! How he had gloried in the thought that it would have reached Green Timber Mountain ahead of him where everyone feared and hated him!

Swinging homeward, triumphant, exultant, just here he had come upon the mother doe and her fawn. Pure impulse had prompted the rash shots that brought them down, that brought Jim Colton from the shadows with his taunting sneer and his threat of exposure. Sam could hear his cool, insolent tones:

"Tell you this, Sam. You've got five hundred dollars on you. All I want is the loan of it for a few weeks. Lend it to me and I'll keep my mouth shut. If not. . . ."

Sam had known the alternative too well to refuse. The game laws were rigid, the fine high. But only fear of the law had kept him from sending a bullet into Jim's well-dressed body as he walked nonchalantly away. Not the loss of the five hundred dollars stung so much as the fact that, sooner or later, everyone in the settlement would know that he had been forced to hand his reward money over to the man he hated most in all the world!

In rage and bitterness he had turned back and gone into a lonely trapping-region. He had done well with his poached pelts. Success had somewhat appeased his bitterness. The need of supplies had brought him back. Let the neighbors talk and sneer! What did he care about them? He swung his rifle to his shoulder and strode homeward.

Earning that five hundred dollars had given Sam the most exquisite pleasure. Even as a small boy he had loved to kill and torture animals. When his father was living he had done his utmost to inculcate kindness by beating the boy. Rumors of his cruelty began to circulate about the neighborhood, rumors colored and exaggerated by the tone of the minds through which they passed. His spasmodic attendance at school brought days of terror for the teachers. Before he was fifteen every sort of bad end had been predicted for him.

He took no part in the life of the neighborhood. His growing fame as a "crack shot" but added to the sinister tone of his reputation. People started nervously when they came upon him in lonely places. Sam read their fear

and dislike and laughed derisively to himself. What wonder that all his splendid strength found expression through his gun, and hunting became an obsession? Through the dense Green Timber he roamed, alien, alone. Its scented glooms teemed with wild life. It was his world into which few ever ventured save himself.

THE wall of timber opened upon a small half-clearing where a moss-grown log house stood amid a rank luxuriance of autumn splendor, scarlet maples, waving goldenrod, masses of purple asters. Sam strode up the path to the door. A pale slender girl was shaving a cedar stick by the stove. She looked up, startled at his step.

"Sam! Where've you been? Mom's been worried."

"Where is she?" Sam placed his rifle in a corner and sat down on a bench.

"Milking Blossom. You've been gone over a month. Where in the world. . . .?"

"Oh, I been seein' to my



He questioned an orderly cleaning the floor near his bed. "Tell me this," began Sam feebly. "I am in a bad fix, I





## Illustrations

by

John Little

traps," was the impatient reply. "Say, Mag, ain't there any supper?"

"No, there ain't. Not yet. How'd we know you was comin' home? We didn't have a bite o' meat when you was gone either," retorted his sister aggrievedly.

"Well, there's a grouse in my pocket. Hustle up an' cook it. I'm hungry as hell!"

A little woman in a faded dress came through the door with a pail of milk in her hand. At sight of Sam her face lighted up.

"Son, you don't know how I fretted about you!" she complained.

"Now, Mom, there's no need o' that. I can always take care o' myself," frowned Sam.

"You've brought grouse. That's fine. I'll make some biscuits. Hurry up the fire, Maggie," admonished the mother. "Wish't I'd known you'd be home. I'd had things ready."

She hurried about, pathetically eager to please her stalwart son. The room was bare, but clean and cool in the summer heat. Maggie brought out a dish of cold potatoes and began to slice them.

"Say, Sam, lots o' the fellows has gone to war," she began.

"War," repeated her brother.

"Sure. Why, ain't you heard nothin' about it at all? England's gone to war with Germany. Nearly a month ago it started. A lot of fellows went right away. Alec Thompson and Jim Colton was the first."

"Jim Colton!" scoffed Sam. "What's he goin' to war fer? He can't hit the side of a barn, the great big bluff!"

"Anyhow he up and signed first one. Everybody was at the train when they went away. There was big doin's, flags an' everything."

Maggie chattered on, for she stood less in awe of Sam than the spiritless little mother.

"Before Jim went away he gave his mother a hundred dollars, and the Red Cross some money, too."

"The damned sneak!" interrupted Sam savagely. "It's the like o' him that's got money to give to fool things!"

"War must be awful," murmured Mrs. Bertrand, cutting out biscuits. "It's just murder, that's all it is. The paper's got nothin' else but all about the way they're killin' folks, even wimmen an' children."

Sam sat up till long past midnight, laboriously reading the weekly paper. His eyes glowed, and his

face had an eager, intent expression. So that was what war meant. He had a vague idea that France was some distance off. From his hazy memory of a battered old map in the school-room you had to cross a bit of water represented by a waxy space intercrossed by many black lines. Before he extinguished the oil-lamp his decision was made. He was going to enlist. War promised a rare experience, a thousand times more appealing than the life he was living. He'd show them a thing or two about shooting, and besides he'd get a chance to settle Jim Colton. Just see if he wouldn't!

NEXT morning he walked to the city.

He had said nothing about enlisting. His mother would fuss and cry, which always irritated him. He felt no regret at leaving. The papers said the war couldn't last long. In fact Sam had some fears that he might not get there in time. He hated to miss the pheasant shooting and all the wild ducks that came with the autumn rain. But there was no doubt in his mind that he would be back in time for a hunt or two next winter.

The least concern he felt was about his mother and sister. In all his twenty-two years he had taken no responsibility regarding them. Jim Colton had given his mother a hundred dollars, eh? "A hundred dollars of my money," muttered Sam with a curse. Well, he would go that dandy one better. From the city he mailed an awkward scrawl with three fifty dollar bills enclosed to his mother. He knew how proudly she would tell the neighbors. Not that he cared a damn about the neighbors!

Sam bore the army discipline with set jaw. He was going to France no matter what happened. But how he hated the dignified officers whom he was forced to salute! How he hated the stiff uniform that bound his muscles and made him appear like a stranger to himself! He scowled at painted women and pretty girls who told him he was "magnificent." He made no friends among the soldiers. Some of them were boys from home, but that mattered nothing to Sam. They nicknamed him Nero, which epithet he ignored, being entirely ignorant of its significance.

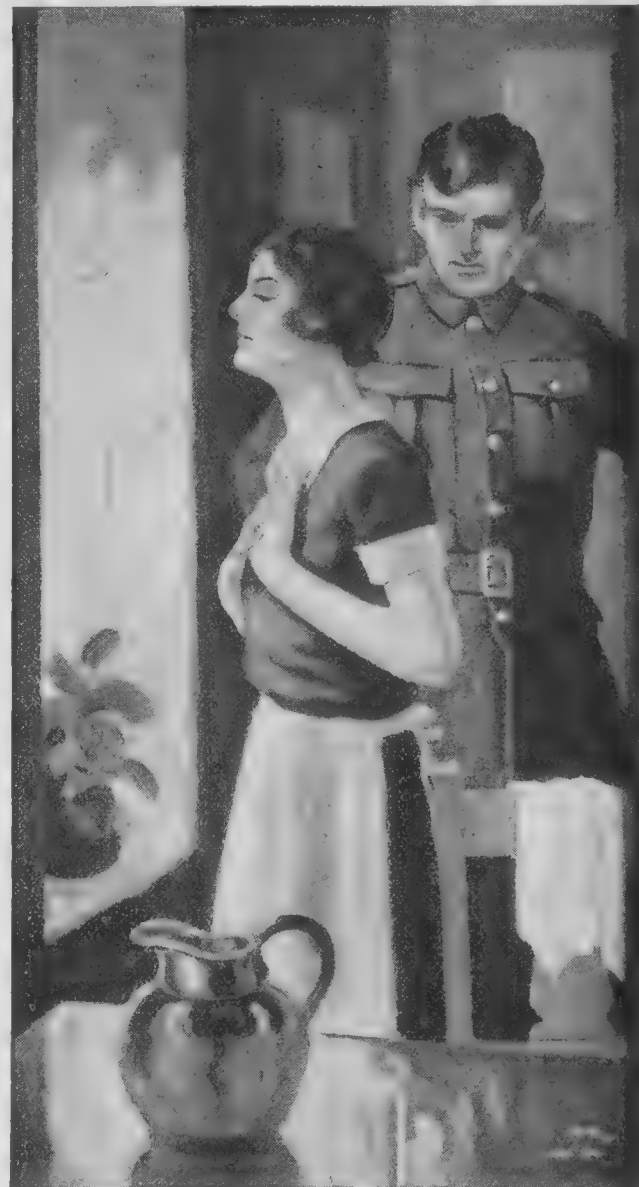
He chafed at every moment's delay. Jim Colton had been gone three weeks. But at last they were off. Flying through the beautiful mountain scenery, across miles and miles of prairie, Sam's mind never wavered from the mission that was taking him Overseas. He was sure the ocean trip would be short, but days of horrible seasickness left him with a profound contempt for the old map in the schoolroom. When they finally arrived at Salisbury Plains he was much disgusted to find there was no real fighting,

just drilling. He enjoyed an occasional congenial half-hour with his fellow soldiers cursing the powers-that-be for the delay.

In the wet and general discomfort of camp life Sam began to think of home. Usually he didn't mind rainy days if he could come in to a hot supper and a blazing wood-fire. He thought regretfully of the hunting he was missing—the grouse, the ducks, the deer. But in the midst of his reverie someone would read of the atrocities in Belgium and France, invoking the usual storm of indignant protests. Sometimes Sam asked particulars or took the paper and read slowly and absorbedly the horrible details. He heard nothing of Jim Colton save that he was in France.

It was not till early spring that they crossed. At first Sam was inclined to think that the newspapers were frauds, for the country they passed through was as pretty and

undisturbed as the minister's garden at home. Then suddenly all green, all life, was left behind, and they were in a land all torn and devastated and strewn with waste and wreckage. With his first glimpse of it Sam felt a pang of protest. It was the very loneliest landscape he had ever seen. Nothing moved. He seemed to be looking on the face of the dead. And he knew without being told that the tides of



Sam watched her, his head bent forward, hands clenched. Suddenly, Elise walked to the window and stared out upon the bleak brown desolation.

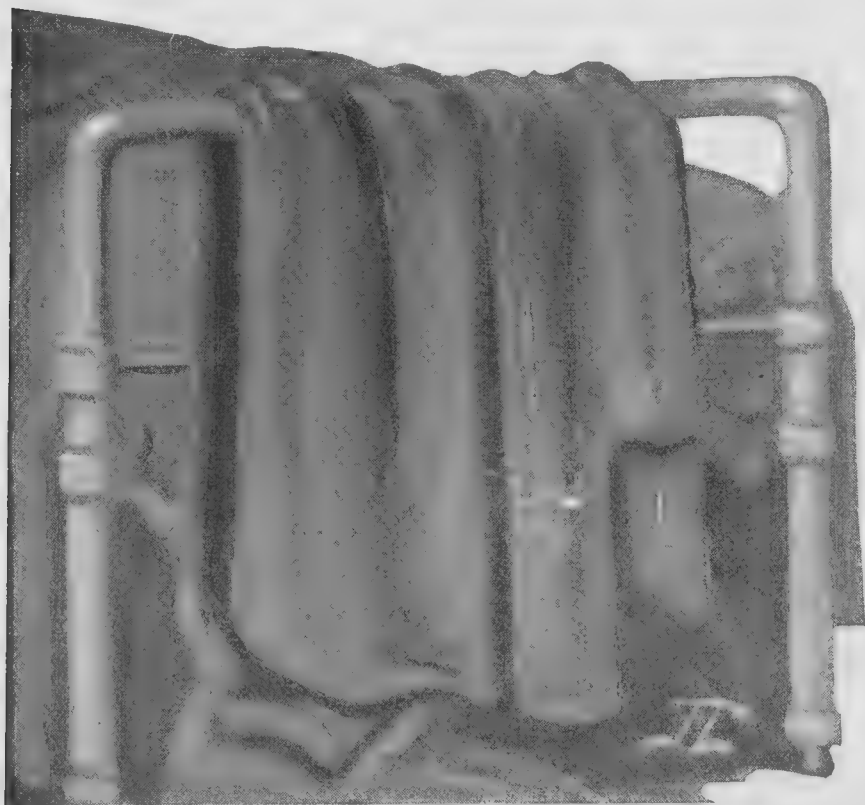
war had surged over it, had beaten the very life out of it, leaving desolation and destruction behind. And in this barren lifeless stretch they were stationed to await the call to the Front.

Again Sam cursed the delay and chafed against restrictions. Not for this had he left the Green Timber where the only law was his own desires. At such times all his hatred of Jim Colton surged up anew. A foiled and thwarted feeling would send him into a rage. Only the sight of a sailing plane, or the distant booming of guns brought him reassurance. His day was coming.

He began to hear talk of a Coffee House a mile or so away, where the soldiers spent much of their leisure. It was not what he heard of a certain girl Elise, nor of the quaint place in which she lived, but of the "eats" she served, that drew Sam into the half wrecked house where the aroma of coffee and baking struck his senses with a throb of homesickness. Though there were some from his own regiment there he took a seat by himself. A young girl, pretty and slender and dark, came over to his table. Though French, she spoke English with but a slight foreign accent. Sam ate until satisfied.

When he looked up, the room was empty, save for himself and the young girl. She sat at a sort of counter, busy with paper and pencil. Sam's impressions of her absorbed him utterly. She made him think of the wild creatures of the wood, the dainty tilt of her shoulders, the way she turned her head. And what a fragile thing she was! He could have crushed her in his hand.

As though she divined his thought she glanced up. He flushed. Her face sparkled into a smile. Yet somehow he knew there was [Continued on page 27]



guess." The whisper was hoarse with dread.



# The Moreland Complex



*It was to be the clan's last fight, and a fight for a good cause, and every man of them was eager for the fray.*

Third  
Instalment

WHEN Babe Littleford arrived at the suburban bungalow it was almost dark. There was no light in the house. Evidently the McLaurins were not at home, for there was no response to her repeated ringing of the doorbell. She peered through the window and saw that the living room was bare of furniture, and it dawned upon her that the McLaurins had taken the big cottage that Patricia's father and mother had offered them as a wedding present. She knew the way to the cottage, having gone with Patricia to see it.

As she passed through the gateway she felt friendless and lonesome. Never had she been half this lonely back in the heart of her mountains. There every tree, every stone, every bird, and every flower was a friend, and a good friend. Then she realized that an automobile had drawn up to the curbing. A moment later there was a man's step beside her, and a man's voice was saying: "Well, well, if it isn't Miss Littleford—I was asking Pat whether she had had any word from you, just an hour ago."

Babe looked up into the smiling face of Jimmy Fayne, who had professed to admire her when she was in the city before. Fayne was the only son of a very wealthy cotton speculator; he was tall and rather handsome.

"Come—let's find Patricia," he said, leading her toward the car.

A few moments later they went up the wide granolithic walk to the wider granite steps, which led to the broad verandah, lighted by frosted globes, and well furnished with swings and reclining chairs.

Fayne pressed the button and a minute later Patricia McLaurin was greeting them joyously. She hugged Elizabeth, as they called her, and invited Jimmy to wait for Bob, who would be home soon. Fayne wouldn't wait, he said—just

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

shook hands with Elizabeth and went toward his car whistling gayly.

"Have you heered about Bill Wade, Pat?" Babe asked.

"No—what?"

"He's in jail for killin' a man!"

Patricia was horrified. She had liked Bill Wade well enough to almost marry him and she and her husband owed all of their present happiness to him.

"In jail for killing a man!" she repeated in a small voice. "He had such a high temper; nobody could ever understand it. But—it can't be! Are you serious, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, I mean it."

Patricia shook her head sorrowfully. "Tell me about it."

Elizabeth told her the whole story. When she had finished, Patricia jumped up and ran to the closet where she found some white things which she threw over a chair.

"I ordered these for you the day you left us," she said. "While you are dressing I'll speak to Mrs. Wade over the telephone. She has softened toward her son, and I promised that I'd tell her any news I heard concerning him."

Patricia went downstairs and talked over the wire for a quarter of an hour. When she returned to the blue and white room, Elizabeth was dressed and they went downstairs together.

After dinner was over the two women sat in the huge porch swing, at the end of the dimly-lighted verandah.

"Do you think you would like to live with Bill Wade's mother?" Patricia asked, suddenly.

Elizabeth remembered how she had disliked Mrs. Wade. A question was in her wide brown eyes as she turned to look at her friend.

"Don't you want me to live with you?"

"Of course," Patricia hastened to say. "I'd be glad to have you, but Mrs. Wade wants you too. Her treatment of her son has almost broken her heart. She knows that he loves you and means to marry you, for I told her, and she wants to care for you and educate you for him. She is a sad, remorseful woman, Elizabeth—she's changed a great deal in the last year."

Elizabeth Littleford began to think. She might be the means, she told herself, of reuniting Bill Wade and his parents.

"I'll go," she said.

"I'm glad," murmured Patricia. "I'm sorry to lose you, but it is the best way—and we can see each other often, can't we, dear?"

The long brown eyes were filled. The sun-burned hands impulsively caught the little white ones.

"When does she want me to come?"

"Early in the morning."

In the morning a big motor car called for her, and sitting in the rear seat was the old coal king himself. He alighted and gallantly helped Ben Littleford's daughter into the car. After a brief greeting, he said, anxiously, "Now will you please tell me about Bill's trouble? Patricia might have omitted something, you know."

The young woman warmed toward him immediately. She told him about his son's misfortune.

"He'll come out of it all right," said old Wade. "The worst of it is his having to stay in jail until the next term of court. We'd better see if we can't get him out on a bond, hadn't we?"



"Yes," agreed Elizabeth.

Mrs. Wade was indeed a sad woman. There was little about her to remind Elizabeth Littleford of the stately, cold and haughty Mrs. Wade with whom she had refused to shake hands.

"I am very, very glad you came," she told Elizabeth; and she took her son's sweetheart into her arms and kissed her.

John K. Wade promptly wrote the authorities at Cartersville, and learned that Caleb Moreland had confessed to the shooting of Adam Ball; which set his mind at rest—at least, so far as his son's welfare was concerned.

But Elizabeth Littleford's mind was not at rest, though she pretended that it was. She understood, because she knew the mountain heart.

TWO days before the autumn day Bill Wade was to be tried in court at Cartersville, a new Elizabeth Littleford alighted from an afternoon train at the Halfway Switch. She was dressed in a smart and neatly fitting suit of dark blue, with lacy white at her throat and at her wrists; she wore a hat of dark blue, relieved by a touch of white. In one of her strong and well-shaped gloved hands she carried a traveling bag of black leather. A big and sunburned young man in boots and corduroys hastened to her; he raised his broad-rimmed hat, smiled, took the bag, and pressed her hand as though he were very glad to see her.

"Bill Wade!" she cried, joyously, above the roar of the passing train. "Bill Wade, it's you!"

"Sure, it's me!" laughed Wade. He waited for the train to pass them; then he turned to her again. "How good you look! I can hardly believe it's you."

"But it is," she smiled; then said, seriously, "tell me, Bill, what do you think the outcome o' your trial is a-goin' to be?"

Wade rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I don't know. But Major Bradley thinks I'll come clear. He believes that somebody that was hidden up on the mountainside shot Ball to save me. By Heck hinted to me that he knew that that was the case; and he intimated that I would stand a better chance for acquittal than anybody else, and that the right man would come forward with a confession if I received a sentence. I have an idea that By Heck himself killed Adam Ball, if I didn't do it."

"You'll get off, Bill—I just know you will," said Elizabeth with conviction.

She dismissed the matter suddenly. "How are you a-gettin' along with the mining?"

"First rate," he answered. "We're shipping now. Look!"

He turned and pointed down the tracks. "See that trestle-work over the short siding? That's our coal tippie. See those little cars on it? They have just emptied coal into the big steel gondola car below. We're getting a smashing price for every ounce of it."

"I see," said Elizabeth.

He went on:

"All the boys and girls of the Morelands, except the very little ones, are in school in Cartersville, and they are learning fast. When our borrowed capital is paid back, the Moreland families are going to buy farms lying near to Cartersville and go to them. A big lowland farm close to good schools—well, there are worse places!"

The young woman hung her head. She was thinking of her own people. "And the Littlefords—?" she murmured. It had slipped past her lips. Wade and the Morelands owed the Littlefords nothing.

Wade understood, and he gave her a sympathetic glance. "A few of the boys and girls of the Littlefords are going to school in Cartersville; perhaps one from each family," he told her. "It is rather expensive, you know, on account of the boarding, and they can't afford to send all their children. We pay them good wages for their work, but it costs a good deal to live. However, I think—ultimately—your people will have their chance for education too."

"It won't do no good, much, to educate one out o' each family, said Elizabeth. "They'd come straight back here when they got through their schoolin', and forget it all. If they get anything

out o' the learnin', they'll have to stay where they can use it."

She began to stare absently toward her well-shod feet.

"Are you ready to go?" Wade asked.

She raised her head with a slight jerk, and said, rather awkwardly: "Has the valley changed much?"

"Not very much," he answered. "We've got a big and rough commissary building, and an office and supplies building. There's a new log church, where an old minister named Ashby Cross preaches to a crowded house every Sunday. Henderson Goff is not here any more, but he has sent me his address in case we wanted to sell the mines. The Torreys have gone back to Jerusalem Cove and Hatton's Hell, and the Balls are as quiet as mice. These, I believe, are all the changes worth mentioning."

Together they set out and walked, without saying much, to the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's Mountain, and there they halted. The autumn sun, a great, red ball of fire, was just setting beyond the rugged and majestic Big Pine.

Wade suddenly leaned toward her and took one of her hands.

"You know I love you, don't you, Babe?" he said.

"I've been believin' it," she told him, after a moment of painful silence. She was a trifle pale now. "But it—Bill Wade, it somehow don't seem just right for you to love me; I'm such a pore little nobody. Why do you love me? Tell me!"

There came another minute of painful silence. Wade spoke slowly.

"Because," he said, "You seem to be—one of my own kind. You seem real, to me. I was so sick of artificialities in women, that I loved you the moment I saw you. I know you are primitive; but I am primitive too . . . Major Bradley seems sure that I will be acquitted . . . If I am acquitted, I want you to marry me at once. These months without you have been very lonesome for me. I want you, and I can't wait for you. Your education can be finished afterward; I'll teach you myself. Tell me—will you, Babe?" His voice was low and earnest.

How boyishly impatient he was! Was he afraid that he would lose her by waiting?

She faced him with the sudden, queer light of a tragedy in her eyes.

"Tell me—will you, Babe?" he repeated. She did not answer.

THE day of the trial dawned clear, with the snap of autumn in the air. It was not often that Cartersville had so many visitors in one day. Since most of these visitors were mountain folk, the business streets were lined with ox wagons and saddled mules. The court house was filled within fifteen minutes after its doors were thrown open. Every man who had a rifle was forced to leave it behind with the sheriff's deputies. A company of the State militia was there, and each member of it had a hundred rounds of ball cartridges in his belt. The authorities were taking no chances. Either way the trial went, there might be a fight; if the accused received sentence, the Littlefords and the Morelands were likely to attempt to set him free; if the accused did not receive sentence, the Balls and their kinsmen were likely to give trouble. They had been drinking a great deal of white liquor of their own make, that morning.

Amid a breathless hush, the wheels of the law began to move. Caleb Moreland quickly told what he had to say—the truth this time—and backed it up with proof; also he proved a perfect alibi. The judge and the jury frowned and smiled in the same instant. Wade went forward and took his place. He pleaded "Not guilty." A little later the State introduced its evidence and rested.

The counsel for the defense, patrician and soldierlike, attired faultlessly, came eagerly to his feet. He had fully prepared himself, and he delivered his argument with an eloquent and forceful swing. It was plain that the jury was favorably impressed by the words of this man who never accepted a case unless he was absolutely sure that his client was in the right. Bradley hinged

his argument on the mysterious third shot. If Wade's bullet had killed Adam Ball, would not Adam Ball have been shot squarely from the front? As it was, the Goliath had been shot squarely through the temples!

The third shot had been fired by some hidden friend of Wade's, the major declared, and it had been done for the purpose of saving Wade's life. Ball had been in the act of playing a cowardly trick; Ball had killed a man in North Carolina by

just such a ruse.

The attorney for the State made a rejoinder that came very near to favoring the defendant. The court charged the jury, and the twelve good men retired.

The jury was out not more than twenty minutes, but to Elizabeth Littleford it was an age of torture. She sat directly behind Wade, between her father



"If love is a disease," she murmured, trying to smile, "I've sure got it bad."

Wade pointed to a long, moss-covered slab of brown sandstone.

"Let's rest," he suggested. "You're tired, Babe, I know. You'll enjoy that sunset. The view from here is magnificent. The mountains have on their autumn attire. The colors are glorious, aren't they?"

Elizabeth sat down, and Wade sat down beside her. "Yes," she repeated, "the colors are glorious."



and John Moreland. The twelve men filed slowly in and faced the judge, who asked them:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

They had. Elizabeth Littleford's head swam as she bent forward to catch the foreman's words—

"Not guilty."

A wild cheer rose throughout the courtroom, and grew and grew. The Morelands and the Littlefords cheered until they were hoarse. Sheriff Flowers had difficulty in quieting the tumult. Bill Wade shook hands until his shoulders ached. The Balls and their relatives, bitter with resentment and anger, stole out, were given their rifles, and went toward the big hills, with the eye of the militia hard upon them. Then the Morelands and the Littlefords, with Wade and his mining man Hayes, came out and they too started for the big hills.

Wade had hired a horse and a side-saddle for Ben Littleford's daughter, and the two rode together on the journey home. When they were well into the mountains, Wade drew his horse over close to that of his companion.

"As soon as I can build—" he began, and Elizabeth interrupted:

"We're a goin' too fast. We're too much ahead o' the others. One o' them Balls might try to pick you off with his rifle gun."

"Not much danger of that," Wade replied. "The Balls have already been warned against sniping; your father told their leader that his very name would be wiped off the earth if there was any sniping. The Balls won't attack the combined force of your people and the Morelands. Even their white liquor couldn't make them do it."

He continued: "As soon as I can build and furnish a little house out near the mine, I want you to marry me. Will you?"

Elizabeth Littleford seemed not to have heard.

"Will you, Babe?"

She faced him sadly. He saw in her eyes the same queer light of tragedy that he had seen there a day or two before; and now, as then, he wondered what it could mean. "Tell me, Babe!"

Her head fell forward. The sunlight found glints of gold in her thick chestnut-brown hair. She was silent for a moment; then her voice came dully:

"I'm afraid I'd better not marry you, Bill Wade."

Wade sat up straight and rigid in his saddle and stared hard at her solemnly beautiful profile. Had he heard aright? He couldn't believe that he had. He knew she loved him. Then why wouldn't she marry him?

Often he had heard the old saying that to change her mind is a woman's privilege; often he had been told that women were never understood. He tried to reason it out, and the attempt made his brain ache; he was unable to reason. He knew only that she was all of the future to him, all of life itself, all the world to him—and that she had refused to marry him.

They rode on, silently, along the tortuous and winding, laurel-bordered mountain road, which led ever upward. When they were within two miles of home, Wade went suddenly white and caught her by the wrist.

"Is it Jimmy Fayne?" he demanded, naming the man who'd met Babe when she went back to Patricia.

His strong hand hurt her wrist, but she gave no sign of it. She looked downward and did not answer.

"Is it Jimmy Fayne?" he repeated.

She gave him a reproachful glance, and said nothing. He flung her hand from him angrily. His gray eyes turned as cold as steel, and his jaw set hard.

He did not speak again until they had entered the broad valley that was home to him. The great wave of anger had passed. "I guess you are too good for me," he said. There was weakness in his voice, and it was the first weakness she had ever known in him. He went on, and in tones so low that she barely heard: "I'm a plain, rough, everyday fellow, and you—to me you're the finest and most

beautiful woman in the world . . . And I hurt your wrist! I can see it's still red. It was the damned savage in me—the primitive streak that I never could account for . . . A letter from my mother told me that Jimmy had stopped drinking on your account. He's a capital fellow, I guess."

Wade spoke with a certain piteous gentleness toward the last. Elizabeth noted it, and it was iron to her soul.

"Will you always think of me as the finest and most beautiful woman in the world?" she asked.

"Yes. Always."

"It's the best I can hope for," murmured Elizabeth.

"What do you mean?"

"It's the best I can hope for," Elizabeth repeated, as though she were talking to herself.

They rode on in silence.

There was no sleep for Bill Wade that night. The sweetness of his liberty had all been taken away by Babe Littleford's refusal to marry him.

He became bitter toward her again. She had been exceedingly unfair to him; while she really loved him, she was going to marry Jimmy Fayne, because he had so much money; she was ungrateful, too; it was through him that she was being educated, being lifted out of her uncouth and illiterate self and set on a higher social and intellectual plane. All he had ever heard of the so called unfathomable mystery of womankind he now believed, and more.

A little before noon of the next day, By Heck, with a pair of bright red suspenders lying like streaks of fire over his faded cotton shirt, stepped in the office. Heck was inordinately proud of those suspenders, because they were so red, and because Wade had

given them to him.

"I've got 'em on, ye see," he grinned, setting the butt of his rifle carefully between his toes.

Wade looked wearily up from his littered desk. "Yes," he replied irritably. "I can see that. You're going without a coat, and half freezing for the sake of showing those suspenders. I am very much obliged to you for shooting Adam Ball, By."

"It's hell, ain't it, Bill?"

"What?"

"Whatever it is you're a-grievin' about, o' course. It'd haf to be hell, or you wouldn't grieve about it." Heck leaned over and rested his hands on the muzzle of his rifle. "Babe Littleford went back to yore home town this mornin', Bill. Sort o' quare, I thought, 'at she never went with her to the Switch. Sort o' quare, too, 'at she never rid over on the little engyne instid of walkin'. But maybe she was afeard o' gittin' her city clo'es smutted up. Say, Bill, I wisht I may die ef you don't look like a damnded corpst. 'Smatter? Babe?"

Wade rose. "I'm going to have the truth, By. Did you, or did you not, kill Adam Ball to save me?"

By Heck knew he could not escape the question now. Bill Wade, his god, would no longer be put off. So he answered:

"I wisht I may drap dead this minute and turn into a cross-eyed mink with a green tail; I wisht the devil may take me and spend ten thousand eternities a stickin' redhot, pepper-coated pitchforks in me; I wisht every Heck 'at ever lived may go to Tarment forever—ef I done it."

And then, having answered, he took up his rifle and strode out of the office humming:

"When I die, don't bury me deep.

Put no tombstone at me head and feet,

Put a bear's jawbone in by right hand—"

"But he's the biggest liar in the State," muttered Wade, turning back to his desk.

He closed his desk, and he didn't work any more that day. Babe Littleford had gone without even bothering to tell him good-bye!

WHEN Ben Littleford's daughter arrived at the great union passenger station, she found John K. Wade's motor waiting for her. She entered the big car with some misgivings. Perhaps the Wades wouldn't want her when they learned she wasn't

going to marry their son. But she would go to them and tell them, and later, perhaps, she would send for Jimmy Fayne and tell him that he could have her, if he still wanted her. He had told her once he did. But not for a minute would she deceive him. She would say to him:

"I don't love you, Jimmy. I'm marrying you because you are a very rich young man."

She believed that he would be, in a measure, satisfied with that.

The white-headed negro servant, Isham, came out and took her traveling bag. He grinned broadly, for he too had come to love the little mountain girl. Mrs. Wade, gracious as ever, met her with a smile and welcoming arms. The old coal king stopped her in the hallway, and pressed her hand warmly; he was almost as glad to see her as he was to receive Major Bradley's wire the day before, he told her.

Dinner was announced the minute Elizabeth had changed her clothing. She went through the meal in a disinterested fashion; she answered the questions of the Wades in monosyllables. When they rose from the table she told them, in a very meek voice, that she wanted to speak to them in private.

They followed her to the library, where the lights were subdued and soft, and sat facing her. She looked from one to the other and blurted out suddenly:

"I'm not going to marry Bill."

The Wades glanced at each other with inquiring eyes, then back at the young woman. In a manner they were relieved, for, had the choosing been left to them, they certainly never would have chosen this girl from the backwoods—for all her beauty and good traits.

"Have you quarrelled?" asked Mrs. Wade.

They had not. She still cared for Bill, and he still cared for her.

Old John K.'s eyes narrowed, and he frowned.

"What's wrong?" he wanted to know.

"It isn't his fault," Elizabeth told them. "I'm a savage—" she murmured desperately. "And he isn't my kind."

"But you'll stay with me for awhile, won't you?" Mrs. Wade said anxiously.

"Yes, yes," nodded her husband.

For the mountain girl seemed to be the only hold they had on the son they wanted back with much deep longing.

Wade retired very early that night. When the sound of his footsteps died away, his wife bent toward the younger woman.

"Why did you call yourself a savage?"

Elizabeth realized that there would be some comfort in unburdening her mind to sympathetic ears, and she believed that she could trust Mrs. Wade.

The girl told of her early life in the hills, of her people, of the feud between her people and their neighbors, the Morelands, of the bloodshed and of how she had hated the tragedy of it. She told of the coming of Major Bradley, of her burning thirst for education, of the old trainman who had thrown her a newspaper each day, and of her going to Halfway Switch long after the old trainman had died. Then she told of Bill Wade's coming, and of his ready sympathy.

"I was lonesome," she continued. "And no one ever seemed to understand how I felt. After the day I met him I could see nothing but him—I could hear nothing but his voice. If love is a disease," she murmured, trying to smile, "I've sure got it bad."

"Then why do you refuse to marry—"

"Wait—you don't know it all," Elizabeth interrupted her. "There was the killin' of that heathen, Adam Ball. I went to 'tend the trial, because I knew I could clear your son if Major Bradley couldn't," she said. "You see I, happened to know who did kill Adam Ball, and I meant to tell if it was necessary."

"On the mornin' of the killin' Bill Wade started up the river by himself. He didn't want comp'ny. It was dangerous for him to go like that, on account o' them Balls and Torreys. My father said it was dangerous, and so did John Moreland. Back in the big pine country there is a tall, thin man named Sam Heck. He's a big eater, an awful liar, and a worshipper of Bill Wade. Sam heard my father say it was dangerous, and he whispered, 'I'll jest sneak through the laurels and gyard Bill from ahind him.' I heard him say it."

"So he went sneakin' along the foot o' the north end of David Moreland's Mountain, with his rifle in his hand, to guard your son. Bill didn't know he was being followed, because Heck is as crafty as a cat. I got nervous about Bill, so I went in the laurels and followed Sam. When I overtook him, he was astandin' behind a clump of sheep-laurel and lookin' toward the river."

"I whispered, 'Where is Bill?' [Cont'd on page 20]



# Fighting Forest Fires

By W. E. Round

THE sun's heat, aided by the gentle caresses of the mountain breeze, soon dried the not thoroughly drenched remains of the camp-fire.

The small, almost barren area, known to packtrain guides as a good camping spot, lay like an ugly blot in the centre of a sublime picture—a picture of primeval mountain beauty such as can be found only in the great "back-of beyond."

Down from the heights a small creek rushed; past the camping-site it hurried, then, for almost a mile, sang its centuries-old song to a stand of forest monarchs through which it flowed. Later, it made a right-angle turn to sweep across the valley preparatory to emptying its ice-cold offerings into a larger stream—the Cascade River.

The heavily forested valley walls rose to great heights on either side of the camp-site; a short distance up-valley they crowded so closely together that the small stream barely found sufficient room for its bed, and further on the valley ended in a mighty sloping wall down which the stream—the Cuthead Creek—cascaded from the Cuthead Pass above.

A tiny child-of-destruction raised its head from beneath the camp-fire back-log; minute by minute it grew until, strengthened by the breeze, it started on its career. A grass-covered narrow ridge sustained its life until it reached and entered the butt of a fallen and half-rotted tree. Some time later—how long cannot be estimated—the breeze attained greater strength and the fire-child burst through the smaller end of the tree and resumed its travels. Along the top of another grass-crowned ridge it ate its way until it reached the forested slope where it burst into full growth and launched forth on its work of destruction—a work that devastated 3,000 acres of beauty, required weeks of dangerous toil to suppress, and cost Canada \$15,000 for suppression alone.

Some time later a local guide arrived on the scene; the fire had then attained proportions too great for him and his party to combat so he hastened to the nearest warden cabin and phoned Supervising Warden "Jack" Warren's Banff office.

The message was received at 4.30 p.m., August 12, 1929, and one hour later Mr. Warren, one warden and four men were en route to the fire. With them they had a packtrain loaded with fire-fighting equipment—engine-pumps, hose, gasoline and oil, etc. For six miles they travelled a motor highway, then for almost thirty more a narrow mountain pony-trail that led through rushing mountain streams, along the edges of steep precipices and the faces of cliffs, and through low, boggy stretches. Many

places on that trail require nerve for the average man to ride across, yet the greater part of the trip was made in mountain darkness by those men.

They arrived at the blaze at 11.30 p.m. and at once realized that many men would be needed. The Cuthead Warden Cabin, the one from which the



One of the powerful little engine pumps sending a strong stream through its thousand feet of 1½ inch linen hose to the relay tank on the mountain slope above.

warning had been phoned to Banff, is situated about four miles from where they found the fire raging, so Mr. Warren rode there and phoned his Banff assistant to rush more men and equipment in. (In fire-fighter's parlance one always goes "in" to a fire and "out" to town.)

Throughout that night and the next day the six men strove to prevent the flames travelling down the valley. Twenty-five men and many loaded pack-horses arrived on the scene during the late afternoon. Although the men had tramped the whole distance

from the line and laid in sheltered spots to sleep.

More men and equipment arrived on the afternoon of the third day; the men were sent to the lines but, owing to strong winds having increased the fire's gains, none of the first contingent of fighters could be retired for rest.

During the next night the fire was gradually brought under control, then, shortly after noon, a strong gale swept down from the pass. In a few minutes the previous night's work was undone and the demon once more raging out of control. The air was thick with burning embers; new fires were started in all directions.

When the gale whirled down the valley, Mr. Warren and Ben Woodworth, the latter a road-foreman, were at the cook-tent pitched near the scene of the fire-child's birth. They immediately attached hose to two pumps and began extinguishing small fires that started at the edge of the big timber.

Suddenly the wind veered almost a quarter of the compass and swept across the valley; with a thunderous roar a crown fire shot at express train speed down one slope, across the valley, and up the opposite slope. It passed almost over the heads of the two men who were forced to run to safety. In the twinkling of an eye the stand of timber burst into flames, for the crown fire, in its mad career through the tree tops, had dropped myriads of flaming torches into the inflammable undergrowth.

Every man's retreat was barred—all were trapped.

An expert fire-fighter makes provisions for many emergencies, particularly for such as make retreat necessary. The cross-valley course of the creek, a little way below the large timber, had been chosen as a retreat line by Mr. Warren, and reserve pumps and other equipment left there. This had been done as a safeguard as there was the chance that a strong gale might drive the fire and men down valley and into the big timber stand. The fire demon, however, had played a winning trick by depositing torches in that timber while all the men were between it and the main fire.

The situation was desperate—the men at the main fire would need ammunition—gasoline and oil—in a few hours; some miles down the valley, packtrains were bringing in those necessities and a third contingent of reinforcements was accompanying them; the wind's return to its first direction would drive the new fire to meet the slowly incoming relief.

Near the cook-tent stood three trembling frightened horses—a "general utility" packhorse and Warren's and Woodworth's saddle horses.

Warren's and Woodworth's spurs bit home; into the roaring forest charged the three horses; the hose-laden packhorse, centre one of the galloping single file, threw itself backwards then lunged forward as the rear horse and rider crashed into it. Flame-swathed trees fell on all sides with pyrotechnical effects—burning embers showered down on horses and men—singled the horses and burned holes in the men's clothing—stones and exposed roots lay in wait to trip the feet of the maddened horses—hungry flaming tongues stabbed at them from the dense smoke blanket that blinded the horses and increased the danger of crashing into fallen trees.

Suddenly breathing became easier; they were in an untouched area and the flames were behind them. Through the creek they splashed, then jumped from their horses to pluck at smoldering clothing.

The fire had reached greater proportions than they had anticipated; more men would be needed at once and it would probably be hours before the incoming ones arrived.

The Supervising Warden gave a few instructions to Woodworth, mounted his horse, applied the spurs, and disappeared in the smoke-cloud. Safely he passed through the increased perils; past the smoldering remains of the hose that such a short time before he had been using, and on up the valley his horse carried him. At the main fire he called a few men around him and explained to them the situation, then asked for volunteers to try to get through to the retreat line. All volunteered, and although they were needed at the main fire the new danger demanded their transfer.

[Continued on page 31]



Thousands of acres of sylvan beauty (as shown in the top picture) were transformed into acres of repulsive hideousness such as this.

from town and were very tired, yet necessity ordered that they be divided into small gangs and sent at once to the fire-lines. Following that thirty mile tramp, those men, working in an altitude of more than 6,000 feet, fought fire for 48 consecutive hours and some of them volunteered to "stick" for 72 hours. The latter, at the end of the terrible strain, had become mere machines without the power of thought; they were led



"He said, 'Be still, Babe!' And then he thumbed back his rifle gun's hammer without a sound.

"I looked toward the river and saw Bill Wade a-walkin' up the nearest bank, and I saw Black Adam Ball slip behind a tree not far away. Bill saw Adam, and he slipped in back of a tree too. Adam shot at Bill's hat, and ta'nted Bill, and Bill shot at Adam's hat—and then Adam Ball jumped up groanin' like he was dying, and fell, all a twistin', to the ground. But he wasn't hit. He put his gun out by the tree—to kill Bill as soon as he showed himself. It was one of his old tricks. He killed another man in the same way—"

Elizabeth raised her chestnut-brown head slowly. She went on in a voice that was much shaken:

"Sam Heck had nearly got a hair-find aim at Ball. Sam Heck is a good shot, but he's slow. I whispered to him:

"Shoot, for God's sake, shoot! Shoot him through the temple—shoot, you fool!"

"I had always talked against killin', and I stood there and begged Sam to finish him. The rest happened in no time. Ball was already lookin' along his sights. Bill Wade was a comin' out in the open—" she faltered, then came a rush of words—"wouldn't marry him without telling him. It wouldn't be fair to him. And if I tell him, he wouldn't have me. The woman he marries must be a lady—not a s-savage."

She stopped and stared at Mrs. Wade almost defiantly. Her head was high, and her hands were clasped so hard in her lap they trembled.

"I think you have made a mountain out of a mole hill, my dear," the older woman said gently. "What you did was right, not wrong; any good woman would have done just what you did, Elizabeth."

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure."

Elizabeth Littleford faced Mrs. Wade squarely. There was a strange glow in her eyes.

"But I haven't told you everything—" she murmured. "I took Sam Heck's rifle from him, and killed Adam Ball myself."

THE twentieth of December came with winter in dead earnest. It was a blue and desolate day. A bleak, howling north wind, sharp as a sword, swept the mountain crests clean and whipped the branches of the trees furiously. Powdery snow lay in little drifts wherever there was shelter for it. Sparkling Doe River was edged with jagged crusts of ice as white as the gaunt, bare sycamores that lined its banks.

At his desk, near a window in the upper story of the office and supplies building, Bill Wade sat thinking of what he had done there in the Big Pine Country. His gaze wandered out at the window and went down the wind-swept valley. From the stone-and-clay chimneys of the cabins of the Littlefords, on the other side of the river, the howling wind snatched sprays of blue wood-smoke. The cabins of the Morelands were all vacant save for one; in that one lived the moonshiner By Heck and his mother the fortune-teller. The Morelands had gone to farms lying around Cartersville, in the lowland, on each of which a fair-sized first payment had been made; the borrowed capital was to remain borrowed for another year. The Morelands were already losing their outlandishness and growing into universal respect. David Moreland's dream was at last being realized.

Then Wade frowned heavily. If only he could do as much for Babe's people! But he couldn't. The men of the Littlefords still worked the coal mine. They received almost twice the customary wages, but even that wouldn't buy them farms and educate their children.

Bill Wade shook his head and began to think of the young woman who, less than three months before, had refused to marry him. That she had married nobody else was no great comfort.

There under his eyes lay two unanswered letters from his parents. He found little pleasure in answering their letters, for he was still somewhat bitter toward them—toward his father, because of his father's ill treatment of David Moreland and David Moreland's people; toward his mother, because she had let him go hungry for mother love, as a baby, as a child, as a boy, and as a man; toward them both because he had been reared a do-nothing. And then—it is a little like the postscript to a

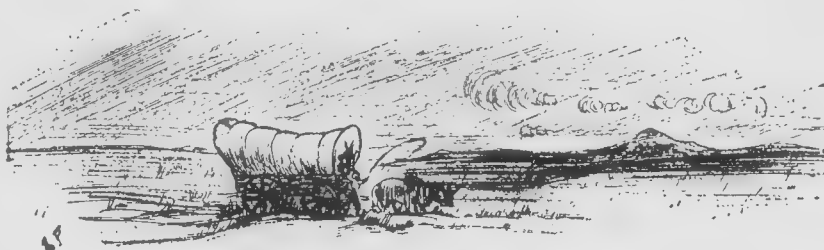
## The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 18

flapper schoolgirl's letter, one may think—he believed that his mother had been largely instrumental in bringing about that which he supposed to be a love affair between Babe Littleford and Jimmy Fayne.

The door opened suddenly, and By Heck came stamping in with a gust of cold air at his back. He carried in one hand the mail satchel, in the other was his ever-present rifle. After throwing the satchel to the floor, at Wade's feet, he turned to the glowing stove.

"I'm dang nigh friz, Bill," he chattered. "My gosh, I couldn't be no colder'n what I am ef I'd ha'



### The Men Who Broke the Trail —The Old Timers

By A. L. Freebairn

*Men who have conquered the wilds of the lone land,  
Men who have wrestled with nature and won,  
Girt with the spirit that founded the Empire,  
Breaking the trail for a nation to come.*

*Men who rode forth in the flower of their manhood,  
Planting the flag on the far western plain,  
Bringing the might of the law to the prairie,  
Men of the Mounties, we honor thy name.*

*Men who came west, lured with tales of adventure,  
Traders and hunters in days that are gone—  
Men who prospected the foothills and mountains,  
Last of a breed that is fast passing on.*

*Men of the range land, who brought in the cattle,  
Riders who challenged the world with their fame,  
Reckless young cowboys who rode on the round-ups—  
Picturesque days that we'll ne'er see again.*

*Men with a plough on the tail of their wagon,  
Dauntless their courage to meet each defeat,  
Breaking the sod of the still virgin prairie,  
Pioneers they, of the world's future wheat.*

*Mothers and wives faring forth with their men folks,  
Facing the hardships that pioneers know,  
Bravely they sacrificed all for the future,  
Gladly on them let us honors bestow.*

*You of the prairie, courageous old timers,  
Deep in our hearts is your mem'ry enshrined;  
Long may your names be to us inspiration,  
The men and the women of pioneer times.*

clim the nawth pole neck-ed." Wade ran through the mail hastily. He threw aside a letter from the Alexander Crayfield Coal Corporation, which took the entire output of his mine at an excellent figure, and picked up a letter which bore the postmark of his home city.

It was from Babe Littleford. Since he paid so little attention to the letters from his parents, they had requested her to write to him—they wanted him to come home for his Christmas dinner. Wouldn't he come?

He rose, paced the office floor for two or three minutes, then he sat down at his desk and dashed off a letter that contained only two sentences.

By Heck sat by the redhot stove and watched his idol with thoughtful eyes. He understood, he believed. How any woman on earth could refuse to marry a man like Bill Wade was utterly beyond him. By Heck was a great deal like a good-natured dog. . . . If Bill would only laugh, it would be good for him. It had been so long since he had heard his friend laugh. By Heck decided that he would try to make Bill Wade laugh.

"Bill?"

"Well?"

"Do ye want me to tell ye a funny tale?" drawled Heck. He barely heard the answer.

"I guess I don't mind, By."

Heck's sympathy made him gulp. But he swallowed the lump that came up in his throat, and began bravely:

"One time the' was a feller named Smith. Odd name, Bill, hain't it? He was a hellion, too. 'Hossfly' Smith, they called him, acause it was said 'at he could easy shoot a hossfly offen a hoss's ear and never break hide on the animile. He was a politics man, never done nothin' else, and he rode a dun-colored hoss—and ef ye don't know what that color is, it ain't no color at all. One time Hossfly he was a tryin' to get app'inted the chairman o' some sort o' politics doin's, and on that same day he was a drinkin' sort o' tol'able heavy. They agreed to make him the temp'rary chairman, but Hossfly he didn't want that. So he hops right up in the middle o' the meetin', and he hollers out and says:

"'Feller citizens,' he says, 'I want to be the permanent chairman! I hain't a goin' to be no durned temp'rary chairman!' he says.

"His old enemy, Eb Wright, he hollers out and says: 'Set down thar, Hossfly—you're drunk, and you don't know the difference atween temp'rary and permanent!' he says.

"Then Hossfly Smith he addressed the whole meetin' of 'em. 'Feller citizens,' he says, 'Eb Wright thar 'lows I don't know the difference atween temp'rary and permanent. I'll prove to you that I do know the difference. F'r instance, I am drunk: that's temp'rary; Eb Wright is a damned idjit: that's permanent!'"

Heck finished with a lazy laugh: "Hah-hah-hah! Hah-hah-hah-hah!"

"That story," Wade said wearily, "has been told on dozens of politicians. It has become a part of the history of this State."

"Well, by gosh!" moaned By Heck. He thought deeply for a moment. Then: "Here's one 'at hain't never been told on dozens o' politics men:

"One time I was out in the mountains a huntin', a-goin' along slow and lookin' for a squirrel, when all of a sudden I hears a skeery voice right ahead o' me in the laurels—Z-z-z-z! Z-z-z-z-z! Jest like that. I stops. I stops de-e-eed still. I looks. Thar was a den o' rattlers, and the very least one was as big around as my left hind laig! Then I hears a turrible growl right ahind o' me. I looks. Thar stands a big old bear with his teeth a showin', and two cubs! Then I hears a whine out to my left. I looks. Thar stands a she panther as big as a hoss, with her eyes jest a blazin'! Then I hears a spittin' sound out to my right. I looks. Thar was seven full-grown wildcats, and all o' them had been bitten by a mad dog!

"I thinks to myself. Ef I shoots the rattlers, I thinks to myself, the bear and the panther and the wildcats'll git me. And ef I shoots the panther, the wildcats and the rattlers and the bear'll git me. And ef I shoots the wildcats, the rattlers and the bear and the panther'll git me. Some ongodly fix, wasn't it, Bill? How d'ye reckon I got out of it?"

"I can't imagine!" and Wade actually

laughed.

"I can't imagine, neither," grinned Heck. "But, anyhow, I'm alive today. Well, now that you're in a good humor one time more, I'll tell ye some news. I hated to ruffle ye up like a yaller goose a flyin' back'ards, while ye was so cussed, danged blue. Bill, old boy, it hain't but five days ontel Christmas."

"Do you mean that for news?"

"No," said By Heck. "But I mean this here for news; a lot o' them Nawth Ca-liner Turners from Turners Laurel is a visitin' their kinfolks the Balls, and they'll every dadslatted one of 'em git drunk on white lightnin' for Christmas, and—they'll think o' Black Adam. The Morelands hain't with ye no more, Bill, ye know; only the Littlefords is here now."

Bill Wade's letter of two sentences did not reach Miss Elizabeth Littleford until the third day after he had written it. The old black servant Isham carried it to her; he found her sitting alone on an iron lawn seat—the weather had made another of its remarkably sudden changes, and the afternoon



was sunny and very pleasant. She took the letter and was about to tear it open when the tall, straight figure of Jimmy Fayne appeared before her. He had on riding clothes, and there was a rawhide quirt in his hand.

"You scared me, Jimmy," laughed Elizabeth, a trifle nervously. "I didn't know you—was anywhere around!"

"I beg pardon," Jimmy smiled. "May I sit down beside you?"

"If you want to."

He dropped beside her, and began thoughtfully to flick the toe of one of his shining boots with the tip of his quirt. She knew what he had come to say, before he said it.

"Once more," looking toward her pleadingly—"won't you marry me and make me happy forever afterward?"

Elizabeth turned her letter over in her lap in order that Fayne might not, accidentally or otherwise, see the address.

"Jimmy," she finally said, "I'd like to have a little more time to think about it. Things like this oughtn't to be decided in a hurry."

"You've already had months! Or were they years? Why is it that you keep putting me off like this?"

"As I told you, Jimmy, I don't—"

He interrupted her almost sharply: "I know you don't love me! But you'll learn to—you will after you've seen how much I shall adore you."

He made a move as though to take her in his arms, and she shrank from him; he had done that same thing, and she had done that same thing, dozens of times before. . . . With unseeing eyes Elizabeth watched Mrs. Wade step from her motor at the porte-cochere and go into the house. Jimmy Fayne, too, saw Mrs. Wade, but he was wholly unaffected by the sight of her; Mrs. Wade, somehow, did not object to his seeing Elizabeth so much as she had once objected.

"Jimmy," when a long silence had passed between them, "I—I'm afraid I ain't the right woman for you. . . . If you knew, for sure, that I once took a rifle and—killed a man with it, would you still want me?"

"You kill a man?" Fayne laughed. "Why, I couldn't believe it. But if you killed a man, or a dozen men, it—it could hardly make any difference to me, you know. If you did do it, you did it because there was nothing else to do; I am sure of that. We won't mention it again, if you are willing. I neither criticize nor attempt to understand your hill codes. Marry me, won't you, Elizabeth?"

"If I was to marry you," asked Elizabeth Littleford, "would you help my people back in the hills?"

"Educate 'em? Yes! Every blessed one of 'em."

"Freely?"

"Yes!"

Once more Elizabeth tried to decide.

Fayne's eyes grew more and more hopeful as he watched her lips. He became impatient.

"Tell me!" he demanded.

Elizabeth took up the letter she had just received from Bill Wade.

"As soon as I read this," she murmured, "I'll tell you, Jimmy. If you don't mind, please look the other way for a minute."

She tore off one end of the envelope, drew out the single sheet, and unfolded it. Her eyes narrowed; her face flushed, and then became just a little white. Her underlip quivered as she folded the sheet and put it back into the envelope.

"I can't marry you, Jimmy," she told him.

Without another word she rose and left him. She hastened to the house, hastened upstairs, and went to her room.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Wade found her lying face downward on her bed. Beside her lay a half-folded sheet of paper. Mrs. Wade picked up the sheet and straightened it out. She read this, in the bold handwriting of her son:

"Believe me, I am very appreciative of your invitation; but I am having Christmas dinner with your mother, here in my own country."

EARLY in the morning of the day after his brief and pointed letter reached his home city, Wade sent for Ben Littleford. The hillman hurried to the office. He had already gone to work, and his thick

beard, his face and his hands were black with the dust of coal.

"Sit down, Ben," said the general manager. "We're going to hold a little council of war."

Littleford took a chair and crossed his legs. "Is it the Ball outfit?" he drawled.

"Yes," answered the younger. And forthwith he told the other of the news that By Heck had brought to him a few days before. He had not given the matter serious consideration until that morning. "And now," he finished, "I want to know whether you think there's really danger?"

Littleford tugged at his blackened beard and frowned. "Bill," he said, "do you rickollect what John Moreland told you oncet about them Balls? He told ye 'at you wasn't safe, and 'at he wasn't safe, ontel they was dead, and buried, didn't he? I believe he did. By Heck was up the river a spyin' yeste'day, and he says the's a whole big passel o' them Nawth Ca'liner Turners thar. Them and the

to this here buildin'. I don't like to run from no man wo'th a durn, Bill."

"But that's not cowardly," Wade protested; "that is purely a strategic move and it will save lives for us. For when the Balls and their kinsmen come, you'll have to deliver me into their hands to be killed, or you'll have to fight like the very devil, that's sure; and, by your own figure, they outnumber you more than two to one."

"All right," Littleford replied, with a shrug of his huge shoulders. "Whatever you say, that same we'll shore do."

So By Heck was sent for, and shortly afterward he sneaked into the laurels and went off toward the settlement of the Balls. In one hand he carried his rifle, and inside his shirt he carried three pieces of dynamite all ready for the match; and he chose every step with great care.

He had not been gone an hour when Bill Wade heard a dull, smothered roar from somewhere to the northward. Wade sprang up from his desk, ran down to his ready and waiting horse, mounted and rode rapidly toward the lowland.

"Go to it, Fox!" he said encouragingly to the young bay, when he had entered the old ox-wagon road. "Go to it, Fox, my boy!"

Fox went to it willingly.

Wade arrived at John Moreland's big white farmhouse a little before the middle of the day, and halloed at the gate. John Moreland and his two sons hastened out in response to the call. Wade waved aside all greetings and inquiries after his health, and told that which he had come to tell. The elder Moreland turned quickly to his stalwart sons:

"Guns and hosses, boys! It'll be our last fight, and le's git at it and make it a good fight!"

Less than five minutes later, the three erstwhile mountaineers rode out at the barnyard gate, with full belts of cartridges around their waists and with repeating rifles across the pommels of their saddles, and joined Wade. The four rode to the homes of the other Morelands; and not long afterward the old clan, in full strength, rode into the big hills, with Wade acting as its leader. It was to be the clan's last fight, and a fight for a good cause, and every man of them was eager for the fray.

Wade bore himself proudly, and rode like a man born to the saddle. He found a queer joy—a joy that brightened his gray eyes and flushed his sunburned cheeks, a joy that he did not even attempt to understand—in the thought: "For this one day I am a clan chief! I am leading my own people against a foe, in my own country!"

And so overwhelmingly did the idea take hold of him that he wished, even then, for the repeater that awaited him at his office back in the heart of the mountains. Once his conscience asked him a question—and he answered it with

another question. Was he doing that which was right? Might not the Littlefords all be killed by those drunken cuthroats while he was waiting for the arrival of a company of militia from a city miles away? Anyway, the militia would fight. His clan would do no more than that. He satisfied his conscience quickly.

When they had reached the lower end of the cleared valley, there came to them the sounds of slow firing. Each man kicked his horse's flanks and rode faster. When they came in sight of the besieged building, they saw puffs of powder smoke rising lazily from the upper windows and from the laurels on the mountainside above and to the right. Again they kicked the flanks of their horses and rode faster.

At John Moreland's old cabin they dismounted hastily and turned their horses into the drab meadow. With Wade leading, they hurried on foot to the line of trees on the river's nearest bank and went rapidly, under cover, to the thickly standing sycamores, to a point within seventy yards of the big rough-board houses. Then they made a dash across the open space and reached the back door of the office and supplies building. They found Ben Littleford, with one arm in a blue bandana sling, holding the door open for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Wade.

"Little Tom," answered Ben Littleford, "and Saul. Little Tom he's shot [Continued on page 44]



## MY BABY

By Isabelle H. Dack

*I've the sweetest little darling,  
God sent me from above,  
Just a tiny ray of sunshine,  
All bundled up in love.*

*He has eyes as blue as heaven,  
A bit of golden hair,  
A rosebud mouth so tiny,  
A complexion that is fair.*

*Ten little baby fingers,  
Ten of the pinkest toes,  
That always seem in action  
No matter where he goes.*

*His smile is like an Angel's,  
His voice like a caress.  
Do you wonder we all love him,  
And that I love him best?*

Balls'll be more'n two to one o' us Littlefords. Yes, the's danger, Bill, and 'specially to you. They think it was you 'at killed Adam and they don't think the law give 'em a square deal at the trial. You can look for trouble to come a hellin' when they've good and begun their Christmas drinkin'; and I'd bet a solid gold hoss ag'in a safety-pin they're at it right now.

"Then listen to this plan," said Wade.

"I'll send By Heck up the river to watch for them. He will have three sticks of dynamite tied together, capped and fitted with a fuse. If he sees them coming this way, he will set off the dynamite as a signal to us. The men will gather here in the upstairs of this building—where are your rifles?"

"At the mine," said Ben Littleford. "We've been a-lookin' for trouble."

"The men will gather here, upstairs," Wade went on, "and bar the doors—"

"They won't never git to the doors," cut in Littleford.

"I hope they won't, certainly," smiled Wade. "At the signal, I will get on my horse and ride to the lowland for the Morelands. I can get the Morelands quicker than I can get competent aid from the law, a great deal quicker. What do you think of it?"

"It's all right," growled Ben Littleford—"only I don't like the idea o' us a runnin' from the mine



# A Peep at Stars and Hollywood

By Robert Watson

EVERY man has a sneaking desire to meet a motion picture star in the flesh at least once before he dies. The older he grows with his wish unsatisfied, the keener his desire becomes.

I met my first under rather romantic circumstances. It was just before dawn. The good ship "City of Los Angeles" was plying southward under tropical skies for the town of Hilo on the Island of Hawaii. The night before, we had passed close by the leper settlement of Molokai, where over four hundred lepers were segregated, where doctors and nurses were spending their lives in the interests of the suffering there, where Father Damien spent his life and ended his days.

Dawn found us just off Hilo, after a very hot, sleepless kind of night.

I had heard that the sunrise off Hilo was a sight for the gods, and wondering what really pleased the gods, and desiring to film, if possible, this beautiful sight, I got up and went on deck. While waiting quietly for the rose tints of dawn to penetrate the banks of dark clouds that lay in the East, my concentration on the sun became eclipsed by the appearance on deck of two fair daughters of Eve, pretty ladies both, robed in kimonos and with the dew of sleep still lingering in their languorous eyes. When they came along to where I was, I wished them "Good morning," with true Canadian gallantry, or unmitigated nerve;—whichever you prefer. They admitted with a smile that my prognostications were correct regarding the goodness of that particular morning.

"Mother and daughter, without doubt," I cogitated.

The mother was of medium height, with the sweet, smiling, kindly face one looks for in a mother but does not always find. Brownish-red hair; beautiful big brown eyes!

The daughter! "High-school kid," I placed her. She was *petite—tres petite*. I am not anyway tall myself, but she was *petiter*, so, towering above her to the full extent of my extra two inches, I gave her, in Hollywood and New York parlance, "the once over."

Neat, golden haired; not beautiful, but pretty, ever so pretty, and a tiny bit shy. But her eyes—golden brown, like dark honey. And whisper it not in the streets of Jerusalem—freckles—yes, quite a flock of them and all hatched before the dawn.

"Up early", I suggested in a fatherly, disarming way.

"Yes!—to see the sunrise," the mother said.

"But why?" I asked.

"Oh, because it is so beautiful," put in the daughter, in a tiny sweet voice. "We have got up ever so often, this way. Haven't we, mother? And isn't it wonderful? See the soft tints stealing up through the clouds there—yellow, and gold, and red, with blues and violet behind, and these streams of gold running clear over the heavens, making golden puff balls of the broken clouds that were so dark a moment or two ago." It was a poet's vision she had, and she made beautiful little gestures with her hands, that looked like artist's hands—and it set me wondering.

"Just a sweet little high-school girl," I said to myself again, as I gazed at her. And yet, as she talked and as her mother talked, I knew she was something else, and I wondered what.

"You know," I remarked at last, quite boldly, for her mother was there, "you remind me of the heroine in the first novel I ever wrote. I write books," I continued, with a puff of pride. "This heroine had golden hair and golden brown eyes, just like yours."

The little lady smiled to her mother sweetly with an upward lift of her eyebrows. And her mother smiled sweetly back.

We talked for a while together as I filmed the sunrise. And after the sun had burst the horizon in a blaze of golden and blood-red glory, the little lady and her mother smiled goodbye and went below.

Later, while awaiting our conveyances at Hilo, I saw my sunrise ladies again, and we were travelling companions for the next two days over the Island of Hawaii, visiting the volcanoes and fern jungles, the famous City of Refuge which dates back to the twelfth century, going over the spot where Captain Cook lost his life in a fracas with the natives in 1779,



Janet Gaynor

witnessing the preparation for a native wedding feast, called a luau, lunching by the wayside, visiting a bit of a hula entertainment in a little two-by-four native house in the evening, and covering three hundred and fifty miles of crammed sight-seeing in as fast time as it was possible for humans to do it.

Our formal introduction came at noon on the first day of our travel.

A mutual friend was responsible. "Mr. Watson, have you met Mrs. Peck—Miss Janet Gaynor, you know."

"Oh yes," she said with a coy smile, giving me her hand, "we met before—didn't we, Mr. Watson—in kimonos, at dawn."

MY return journey from the Hawaiian Islands was planned by way of Los Angeles, so that I might take in the motion-picture colony at Hollywood.

I found Hollywood was still the big drawing card with the publicity folks of Los Angeles, and it really was a study in psychology to notice the thrill elderly ladies, and young ladies, and many men too, get out of gazing at the homes of the various stars, although there is little in them in outward appearance to differentiate one from another, or from the homes of bootleggers or successful dry goods men.

Recognizing this, evidently, and desirous of keeping visitors right, that dashing Westerner, Tom Mix, has seen to it that the big capital letter "M" is carved in stone on his gate pillars.

The homes of Hobart Bosworth, Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, "Douglas and Mary," John Gilbert, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Tom Moore, Pola Negri, Will Rogers, Gloria Swanson, Mrs. Wally Reid, Pauline Fredericks, the late Rudolph Valentino and Virginia Valli were all pointed out to me.

On Beverley Hills wonders in engineering have been done in levelling mountain ridges on which to erect homes. There, each motion picture actor seems to have been fired with a desire to have a home as near to heaven as possible and overlooking all the deeds and misdeeds of his less-elevated neighbours. There apparently, "the sky's the limit."

BY appointment and special arrangements beforehand, I visited Hollywood again the following day, this time to see the inner workings of the moving-picture industry as operated at the Educational Film Studio.

Visitors are not encouraged at the studios any more. In fact, since the introduction of the "talkies" they are strongly discouraged, and some of the more temperamental of the picture stars refuse to do their stuff if any outsiders are present.

However, my *entre* was smooth and pleasant.

The manager's secretary took me round, and had a young man explain to me and demonstrate how the cutting of the films and the co-ordination of the picture and sound films were worked. The pictures and sounds are taken on separate films, then transferred to a combination sound-and-picture film. The sound is recorded in dots and dashes and impressions on the edge of the film, just in the way that impressions are made on the disk of a phonograph record, and, when co-ordinated with the picture, the sound runs along the top and does not interfere with the picture itself.

I examined the various sets—street scenes, boxing booths, drawing rooms, et cetera, and was surprised to find all of them as near to the actual as it was humanly possible to make them, very little of the cardboard or drop-scene stuff being in evidence.

But the chief interest for me was the actual filming of part of a talking picture, entitled "Once a Gentleman."

By the side of the set where the work was being done, were chairs, on the backs of which were painted such well-known names to picture fans as James Cruze, Director; Francis X. Bushman, E. E. Horton, Lois Wilson. The chairs of Cruze, Horton and Bushman were occupied by these famous personages, while King Baggot—a kindly disposed, friendly gentleman, came along later, and, just as I was leaving, Lois Wilson drove up in her car.

The set was the library of a fine home. Camera and sound recording men were all at their posts. There was no disorder. Everything was quiet and very businesslike, with great electric lamps throwing fearless light over all.

James Cruze was dressed in roomy white flannels and a huge white, peaked [Continued on page 36]





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Do your next few washes with Fels-Naptha. Watch closely! Notice how quickly dirt vanishes. How easily the clothes are washed without hard rubbing. Then, when you take the clothes off the line, smell their fresh, sweet, airy fragrance. There's your proof as plain as day. Cleaner, sweeter washes with less work—that's what makes a soap bargain, and that's what Fels-Naptha brings you.



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Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon  
in "Indiscreet."

#### Six-Cylinder Love

THIS month so many of the new pictures are spoiled by their air of synthetic sophistication, that "Six-Cylinder Love," while not a distinguished film, comes as a pleasant relief. It is a clean, human little comedy, nicely presented and acted—and equipped with a great many hearty laughs.

It closely follows the play of the same name, which was very successful when it was produced some seasons ago, with Ernest Truex and June Walker in the leading roles. One of the cleverest of baby-faced comedienettes, June Walker, was more amusing in the original play than is Sidney Fox who has the same role in the film version. Lorin Raker, in the Truex part, specializes, like Truex, in characterizations of the plaintive, hen-pecked husband type. Resembling Truex in manner and appearance Raker is a good comedian and he is particularly effective in the more serious parts of the picture. William Collier, Sr., contributes to the fun in a minor role.

The story tells of a young couple who envy the fine big car owned by some neighbors who can ill afford to keep it. These neighbors finally run so far into debt that they are forced to sell the car. Through the aggressive persistence of a "sell-or-bust" salesman, the young couple buy the coveted automobile and with it acquire debts, worries and a group of so-called friends who are always anxious to share in the good times, but never in the expenses. To tell just how the young people manage to get out of their difficulties would be to spoil your fun when you see the picture.

"Six-Cylinder Love" is good, clean entertainment for the whole family.

#### Too Young to Marry

THIS is another little domestic comedy told with kindly, homely humor, and while it is not so well done or so amusing as "Six-Cylinder Love," it provides pleasant and wholesome entertainment.

"Too Young to Marry" is adapted from Flavin's recent comedy success, "Broken Dishes." The story's chief concern is with a timid, gentle little man whose wife tyrannizes over him unmercifully. Her shrewishness extends to her three daughters



Loretta Young  
and Grant Withers  
in "Too Young to Marry."

also, especially to the youngest. How father and daughter become allies and for the first time assert their authority and independence is quite amusing.

Loretta Young, as the daughter, and Grant Withers, as her suitor, are an attractive pair. That extremely clever character actor, O. P. Heggie, is rather funny, but not as good as usual in the role of the too-meek husband. Both he and Emma Dunn, as the bossy wife, are inclined to overact.

#### Bachelor Apartment

"BACHELOR APARTMENT," title and all, tries very hard to be sophisticated spice and only succeeds in being rather poor taste. The

story is about a present-day Casanova whose life is just one lady after another and often two or more at a time. When he finally falls in love with a virtuous girl and wants to marry her, the other ladies, like proverbial bad pennies, turn up to complicate matters, and the Lothario must spend most of his time explaining to fiancée and trying to smooth things over.

Lowell Sherman directed the picture. He is an ardent admirer of his leading man and spared no time and trouble to show this actor's talents. The leading man is Lowell Sherman. He is all over the film all of the time, raising

cynical or roguish eyebrows, working violently to radiate charm and register as a modern super Don Juan. In spite of his occasional cleverness, Sherman, both on the stage and the screen, has always seemed to me to be rather heavy and exaggerated, and in this picture, under his own direction, there is altogether too much of him.

Irene Dunne, who was so excellent in "Cimarron," is very good in the leading feminine role of this picture, but she deserves an infinitely better vehicle.

Mae Murray, of the well-known ankles, is seen in a minor role which consists mostly of dressing and undressing.

#### It's a Wise Child

THE only fairly bright spot in this picture starring Marion Davies is furnished by Jimmie Gleason in a minor comedy role. "It's a Wise Child" is a very ordinary farce with a story that makes it objectionable to most audiences, and most unsuitable for children. The presentation and the acting are so flat and undistinguished that they fail to mitigate the offensive subject matter.

#### Party Husband

HERE is another ineffective attempt at sophisticated comedy drama that gets duller with each reel. Dorothy Mackail is the star of the picture, but Joe Donahue is the only really bright spot in it. The other players handle their lines in an amateurish fashion and fail to infuse any life into the talky and trite material.

#### Virtuous Husband

JAZZED up with a new title, the stage play, "Apron Strings," now comes to the screen. The original title had more relation than the new one to the plot which tells of a boy whose mother had been a newspaper columnist, specializing in advice to the lovelorn. The play opens some time after the mother's death. But the boy is still tied to her apron strings because she has left a trunk full of letters of advice to be mailed to the son at regular intervals and upon such occasions as his getting engaged and his wedding day. The story is treated in a farcical manner and is not altogether pleasant. Without J. C. Nugent, in a character part, and his son Elliot, in the leading role, the film would have little to recommend it. But this father and son are always entertaining. I should like to see them on the screen in one of their own clever comedies (they are talented playwrights as well as actors). One of their best known comedies, "The Poor Nut," an hilarious story of college life, might make good screen material.

#### Indiscreet

"INDISCREET," mainly comedy and occasionally drama, makes quite a good vehicle for Gloria Swanson as it is neither as serious as her first talking picture, "The Trespasser," nor as unremittingly slapstick as "What a Widow."

[Continued on page 37]



John Boles, Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin in "Seed."



Sidney Fox and Lorin Raker  
in "Six-Cylinder Love."



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*says*

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# A Million Too Much

Continued from page 9

I only wanted to borrow five dollars for—immediate necessities."

"Oh, that was it, was it? And what was the necessity?"

Jerry made a clean breast of it.

"The letter knocked me silly. I suppose maybe you've always had money and you don't know how it feels to be without it—to have to cut corners and figure on the nickel punch-marks on a meal ticket. I lost my head for a minute and sent that fool telegram, more as a joke than for any other reason. When I came to pay for it, it took all the money I had, and—and my wife was waiting over on the North Side for a luncheon that I couldn't buy for her."

The cashier was looking out of the window when the culprit made an end of his confession, and the cold-eyed frown seemed to be struggling with a grim smile.

"I'm sorry," he said, wheeling back upon Jerry, "sorry that you have told your wife. What did you do with the thousand in gold that you drew out of your account?"

"I lost it," said Jerry with deepening gloom. "It was stolen from me in the street car."

"What were you going to do with it if you hadn't lost it?"

Again Jerry became resentful of this preliminary thumb-screwing. Must he tell this hard-hearted money-changer everything?

"I couldn't explain it to you in a thousand years," he retorted morosely. "If you were married, and your wife had never seen as much as a thousand dollars all in one bunch in her life, maybe you'd understand. Of course, it was idiotic; I know that."

Again the cashier was looking away toward the window.

"Tell me all that happened, Trimble," he urged, adding: "It won't be used against you—in court."

Once more Jerry fell a victim to the necessity, portraying the scene in the home sitting-room as only a teller of fairly good stories could portray it. At the climax the cashier broke in abruptly.

"What did your wife say when she read the letter?" he asked.

"She took it seriously, too, just as Dabney had. She cried and said that the money would spoil us; that I'd never be able to write anything worth while with all that money making it of no use to write. She said it was just a million too much."

By this time the cold-eyed gentleman in the desk chair was chuckling soberly.

"So it was, Trimble; so it was—just about a million too much. Now that I know how your wife feels about it, I can stick the knife into you without hesitating. We have a wire from the administrators. There was a mistake, a most unaccountable mistake on the part of the stenographer to whom the letter was dictated. They say that the young woman must have been sick or out of her head."



"I see," said Jerry hopelessly; "she didn't address it right. I—perhaps you'd better ring for your policeman and have it over with, Mr. Corbin. I owe you a thousand dollars that I can't pay. I guess 'most any jury will say that I flim-flammed the bank out of it, and—"

"Never mind the thousand dollars," was the snappy interruption. "As I say, the stenographer made a mistake. She took the wrong figures from the pencil memorandum which was given her. The sum total, securities and cash in bank, should have been ten thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars instead of one million ninety thousand six hundred, as she copied it."

Jerry looked up wearily.

"I don't see what difference it makes, if none of it belongs to me," he protested.

"But the smaller total does belong to you," said the cashier, and Jerry was lost in astonishment to find that the smooth-shaven, hard-lined face could actually lend itself to an open laugh. "You are Jeremiah Caldwell's heir without any question. We've had this matter in hand for some time, you know, though the amount involved had never been mentioned. The lawyers wrote us, asking us to look you up. You are not a millionaire, Mr. Trimble, but you can at least buy your wife a luncheon when she needs it."

Jerry staggered to his feet. "Ten thousand? And, with the thousand I lost, it's still nine thousand? Th—that won't spoil us, Mr. Corbin; we—we'll keep just as if we'd been pickled in benzoate of soda!" he stammered. And then: "But the policeman—what made you send him after me?"

The cashier, still laughing, reached into a drawer of the open desk and drew out two bags of coin, chinking them down under Jerry's eyes on the drawn-out slide. "There is your lost thousand, Mr. Trimble. Dabney was afraid you might be taking too many chances, and he had our special officer follow you. When your pockets were picked on the car, the officer nabbed the thief and recovered the money. That was one reason why we sent him out to hunt you up. You'll be sensible, now, and put it back into your account, won't you?"

"Not on your life!" said Jerry, once more impulse-mad; "but this time I'll take a cab." And, dropping the sacked coin into his pockets, he rushed out and made a dash for the street.

Half an hour later he had climbed the stairs in the North Side apartment house and was bursting into the tiny sitting-room.

"Jerry, dear—what is it?" cried the anxious one, who had seen the cab drive up. "Are you running away from—the—?"

"No!" he shouted. "I hurried home to tell you that I got that story all balled up. It was ten thousand that the man fell heir to instead of a sickening million, and that iron-washer business can all be cut out!" And with that he pushed her into a chair and emptied the coin sacks into her lap.

But the shock had been too long delayed. Without touching the yellow burden in her lap, she reached up and drew him down to her. "You foolish, foolish Jerry-boy!" was what she said; and in the street below the taxi driver glanced at his meter and wondered if the crazy man he had lately driven from the Lakeside Commercial was made of money or whether he merely had a million too much.



## Redemption

Continued from page 15

sadness behind it, the hurt of a storm that had passed over her. He rose and went awkwardly to the counter to pay. His eyes fell upon the drawing she had made. Only the rough sketch of a bird poised on a branch, but he was startled by its lifelike lines. He seized it in hands that shook.

"You—you done this?" he stammered.

She nodded and turned way to make change. How long he stood staring at the drawing he did not know. He looked from it finally into the brown eyes lifted to his.

"Like it?" she smiled, glancing down at her handiwork.

"Why, it's—it's . . . ." Sam's tongue failed, but his eyes put the questions he wanted to ask.

"I was living here," explained Elise. "All around was a wood, a beautiful wood. Such trees and flowers—and birds. Ah, it was the birds. . . . No, I am not an artist," she smiled sadly. "I thought I could be one. I wanted to paint birds. I came all the way from Montreal to study. I was living here with an aunt. But the war came and . . . ." Her voice was a whisper, she looked into the shadowy corners with wide eyes. "And now I am all that is left, I and this wreck of a house," she finished with a shiver.

"Ain't you afraid to stay here?" Sam put the question awkwardly.

"Afraid?" echoed Elise. "What is there to be afraid of? It seems as though there is nothing left to fear after—after what has passed and torn the land to this." She glanced through the window at the bleak and brown desolation. There were tears in her eyes.

Sam went out abruptly. All the way back to camp he wondered about Elise. A woman, yet she could put on paper the few lines that brought him back vividly to the trails and haunts of the Green Timber. She hated war, she had lived through it, yet she wasn't afraid to stay here. Mom and Mag had acted scared when they even read about it. She had grit, that little thing!

That night a letter came from his mother, a pitiful yearning scrawl. His mother's letters always exasperated him. Why should she worry about him? He could take care of himself. She couldn't tell him a single thing he asked her. What he wanted to know was if the snow had all gone from the Green Timber, if the wild geese had gone South, if the creek ran brown and overfull.

IT WAS several days before he went again to the Coffee House. The room was crowded with merriment and hilarity. Elise was passing steaming cups of coffee, her head thrown back in laughter. For some reason Sam felt annoyed. He gave his order curtly, nor would he meet the girl's dark eyes. Yet he found himself listening for her voice, for those little silences into which her laughter rippled like the cooling music of a brook.

At a lone table he ate and drank, and stared at the walls. Then he saw what he was sure had not been there before—drawings on random bits of paper, birds, trees, flowers, shadow and sunshine on a great wood.

The coffee grew cold in the cup before him; the food lay forgotten on his plate. He wasn't lonesome. But oh, the trails of the Green Timber, the great trees, the call of birds and the windy beat of wings!

He did not know when he rose and moved about, drawn from one sketch

to another. Long after, he realized that the room had emptied, that Elise was standing beside him. The sparkle had gone from eye and lip.

"You like them?" she asked.

Sam could only nod. He had no words for all the visions and memories that had come crowding back.

"They are sketches of the wood that used to stand here," explained Elise, staring wistfully through the window. "Sometimes at night I dream, I dream I hear the rustle of leaves, the song of birds, the little dead birds . . . ."

Sam watched her, his head bent forward, hands clenched. Suddenly Elise walked to the window and stood staring out upon the bleak, brown desolation. She was quiet a moment, then burst forth:

"Think of the years and years that must pass before there will be trees out there, before the birds will come back! When the war is over—if ever it is over! Oh, sometimes I—I cannot bear it!" she cried, hands gripped and trembling. "Oh, it is wicked! Wicked! Every day men dying, dying! Look at the land out there! Dead! Dead! Like the stony heart of this terrible world!"

She had flung herself upon a bench in a storm of weeping. Sam stood looking down upon the small shaken form. A surge of savage power took him. So easily had he crushed many a fallen and helpless thing beneath his foot. But even as he took a step forward came a revulsion of feeling. Had he obeyed that impulse he would have taken her in his arms. He stopped startled, aghast!

Some indistinct sound broke in his throat. He stood as if frozen. As though something had roused her Elise rose slowly to her feet and stood facing him. The moments hung, silence palpitant, vivid.

A breath of wind passed like a sigh through the room. Sam caught his breath shudderingly. He seemed to be struggling on the surface of a wide deep sea. He tore his eyes from the girl's white face. Chains seemed to rend and break from about him. He strode through the door and out into the bleakness of the ravaged land.

All the way to camp he cursed himself, he knew not why. Was he growing soft, weak? That small helpless thing! But at thought of her his fierce rage died unaccountably. His unease grew. He tensed his muscles and called upon that hard strength which had been his glory and his pride. But for the first time in his life he doubted his own power. He had the feeling that he was skirting some weird, unknown danger. He would never go to the Coffee House again! Never!

THERE was no need of this resolution. That night they went into the trenches. With every step of the advance, exultation surged savagely through Sam. His day at last! Jim Colton was there, somewhere in the trenches. Just wait! Just wait! Already Sam had trampled the thought of Elise underfoot. He forgot her in the intensely interesting and absorbing life at the Front.

He watched with curiosity bombs tearing up the land behind the lines, dealing death and destruction everywhere. He picked up dead and wounded and carried them into dug-outs, unmoved by the sight of gaping blood-soaked wounds. Between times he killed the rats that swarmed in thousands in the trenches. And impatiently he waited for the day when

[Continued on Page 28]

## "Use Pepsodent twice a day"— A Great World-wide Habit!



*It is helping millions to possess strong, healthy teeth by removing dingy film . . . Eat right. See your dentist*

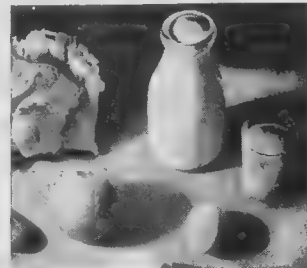
### Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

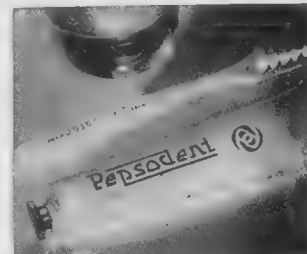
**. . . Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth**

#### 1. Include these in your daily diet:

*One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.*



#### 2. Use Pepsodent twice a day



#### 3. See your dentist at least twice a year



YOU know as well as we do there are several good tooth pastes on the market. You know they will clean teeth satisfactorily and safely.

Then why should anyone insist on having Pepsodent? Why should dentists by the thousands urge and recommend it to their patients?

BECAUSE medical people and hundreds of thousands of others believe the best is not too dear when healthy teeth are in the balance.

#### Pepsodent—a supreme achievement

"I never feel I'm extravagant when I buy the most nourishing food," you hear women say. For the same common-sense reason it is economy to use the finest tooth paste modern chemistry has been able to develop.

The scientific purpose of Pepsodent is to remove film from teeth. Removing film requires special properties in a tooth paste. Film is a glue-like coating. It clings stubbornly, absorbs stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Ordinary ways fail to remove this film as effectively as Pepsodent. Scientific tests have been made that prove this beyond all question.

Film contains germs. It holds them against the tooth surface—teeth decay. Removing film is imperative. Eating the right foods and seeing your dentist every six months completes the only sound rule known for safeguarding teeth.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE for children's as well as adult's teeth.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble. It will aid you in retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

AMOS 'N' ANDY brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over CKGW, Toronto; CFCF, Montreal, and N. B. C. network.

## Pepsodent

—the special film-removing tooth paste



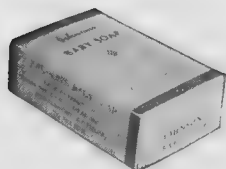


"Do you happen to know" . . . my mother asked me. . . "whatever became of the very cross baby who used to be here?" I didn't know. . . then she laughed and told me. . . "It was YOU—all chafed and uncomfortable! You see, we'd been using the wrong kind of powder! Now this—and something velvety soft nestled next to me! . . . "This is made SPECIALLY for you, my dear!—that's why you're so nice—and comfortable—now!"

**B**ABY POWDERS ARE NOT ALL ALIKE—as you will readily understand when you know the difference in talcs. For Johnson's Baby Powder, the most costly Italian talc is used. This is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the cheaper talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles. The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope—or you can feel it this way. . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then do the same with another powder. You'll know, soon enough, if it's made with inferior talc! Choose wisely. Insist on Johnson's Baby Powder. As Baby should have the best of soap, too, there is the specially made Johnson's Baby Soap—and Johnson's Baby Cream for extra comfort. Your dealer has all three.

## Johnson's Baby Powder



SOAP



CREAM

61

**FREE SAMPLES!** In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.

## Redemption

Continued from page 27

he could use his rifle, when he would be in the thick of the fight. Over and over he pictured his first clash with the foe. Why some men were strangely quiet when they talked of going over the top rather amused him. One day he overheard two soldiers mention his name.

"He's got nerves of iron," remarked one.

"And a heart of flint," added the other. "He'd suit well on the other side."

That's what folks at home had always said, reflected Sam, as he sat down with a stick to watch for rats.

That night they stood at attention in that agonizing half-hour before going over the top, when thought is frozen in the paralyzed nerves, or the brain becomes a charging, whirling theatre of the past. Sam knew that the young man next to him was scared. He could have laughed aloud. His very soul was winged with destruction. Would the word never come?

A terrible roar burst and crashed about them, the black edges of the world blazed red, and in a moment they were buried, wounded and dead, beneath mounds of earth and debris!

The first thing Sam knew he was lying in a rough hospital bed. His eyes were bandaged, he had no power of movement, and his whole body was wracked with pain. Every waking moment was excruciating suffering, and he began to long for the periods of sleep which brought the only respite from pain.

Days lengthened into weeks and still he lay there. His mind, so governed by his bruised body, worked slowly, but gradually he understood what had happened. This was the way it had all ended! Struck down before he had a chance to fire a shot or strike a blow! He questioned an orderly cleaning the floor near his bed.

"Say, you . . . ." began Sam feebly.

"Eh? Want something, mate?"

"Tell me this. I'm in a damn bad fix, I guess." The whisper was hoarse with dread.

"I 'ate to tell you, but they say you are. Never thought you'd be here this long. Keep a'fightin', though. Mebbe you'll fool 'em yet."

Sam was very quiet that day, but his mind was busy. So he had almost gone West. That shell had just about finished him. Strange that in all the plans he had made he had not foreseen anything like this. He thought of the past at odd moments. In his troubled sleep he was back in the dense woods, his beloved gun in hand. Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a white bird was gracefully circling. He fired, and watched interestedly its uncertain descent to a branch near by, where it swayed drunkenly back and forth. A white wing, all crimsoned, hung droopingly at its side. He was reaching for the bird when he woke. The hand he tried to raise was as helpless as the bird's broken wing!

He cried out in agony, in rage! He cursed everything and everybody about him. It seemed as though his heart must burst with baffled power. He was aware of hurrying steps, of restraining hands. Spent, exhausted, lassitude rose about him like a submerging sea.

There came long days of apathy, of darkness, through which he drifted as a spray on the resistless tides. Gradually he became conscious of returning strength, of the fact that one arm had been freed of its bandages. And with this realization came a terrible dread, a thought more bitter than death

itself. One day, while his dressing was being done, he demanded roughly:

"When you going to take these things off my eyes?"

The surgeon, busy adjusting a bandage, did not reply at once.

"See here, I want to know," persisted Sam.

"Just go easy," admonished a firm voice. "Remember, you're a mighty lucky chap that you're here at all."

"They almost got me that time, eh?" asked Sam, in an altered tone.

"You're about the only one that's left. I didn't think much of your chances when they brought you in, but I shouldn't wonder if you'd be my prize case. You must have an iron constitution."

"But you don't know how my eyes'll be?" repeated Sam desperately.

"Chances are pretty good that they'll be all right," returned the surgeon evenly.

The weight of a great dread slipped from Sam. He felt weak with relief. He would not be blind! He felt he could endure anything but blindness! It took him some days to get used to the thought. But the strength that this reassurance brought raised another, even a greater dread, a dread that hung over him night and day. Again he questioned the surgeon:

"What about my legs and this arm? Will they . . . ?" He could not trust his voice to finish.

"You'll have the use of your arm," returned the surgeon, then added hesitatingly: "But the legs . . . . Well, they were pretty badly shot up, you know. As I say, you're mighty lucky that you got through at all. You put up a great fight. We're all so proud of you . . . ."

Before the voice had ceased Sam turned his head away. He had heard all he wanted to know. So he might be a cripple for life. No more long happy days in the woods, returning at night laden with game, leaving countless headless birds on the ground as trophies of his skill; never to attend a shooting-match and win away all the birds; never to walk again, or at most, leaning on crutches, an object of pity!

For hours he lay, crushed, beaten, the bitterness of death in his heart. Wave on wave of blackness went over him. He had no more will to fight. The past rose up, moments of glory, hours of blessed freedom. Green Timber! Like a hurt thing his spirit crept to the shelter of great trees and lay there nursing its wounds. And it was as though the wild touched him with healing hands. An iron resolve was born within him that he would not be a cripple! He had put up a great fight! Well, he would fight still against this cursed luck!

If only the bandages were off his eyes! If he could get out of this darkness, away from the taunting pictures he seemed unable to control! None guessed the battle he fought in silence day by day. No longer did he give way to cries and curses. He had long since learned the futility of both.

**O**NE day, above the moaning and sighing, he heard a ripple of laughter. The startled leap of his pulses brought the clear-cut vision of a face. Elise! The name burst from his lips, and he held out his hand with a blind gesture of appeal!

When he felt in his clasp a small hand he clung to it as to hope incarnate. It was trembling like a frightened bird, though the voice was laughter and sunshine. In that moment he

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## Redemption

Continued from page 28

knew no pain. Life was tingling through him! A shock of revelation shook him. Suddenly he withdrew his hand and laid it across his eyes. The tide of rapture died away, leaving only a terrible sense of loss. She left him without more words.

But before an hour had passed he wanted her, he was listening for her footsteps beside his bed. A ray of sunshine seemed to have penetrated his darkness. Next day he roused from a heavy sleep and knew she was beside him. She was an Aide now, she explained in a fluttering voice, and there were letters which she would read if he wished.

At first Sam was conscious only of the voice beside him. But presently the lines of the letter opened a door to him. "It's so pretty in the Green Timber," wrote Maggie. "There's such a smell of leaves and flowers, and the birds sing like to burst their little throats. There must be hundreds of nests with baby birds in them . . . ."

Elise gave a sudden cry and he knew that her eyes were wet and her lips trembling.

"Flowers! Leaves! Baby birds! Oh, Mother of Mercy!" she moaned.

A moment and her voice had steadied. She read on. But Sam was back in the Green Timber. It was alive in the divine magic of spring, every bough tremulous with joy, on every branch a bird swaying with song. He broke in upon the reading to tell of the dim quiet trail that led to the brown ripple of the creek, of the towering cliffs where the white-headed eagles made their nests.

That night he slept and woke with a quiver of expectancy. The heaviness had lifted from his breast. Each day Elise came to him, if only for the briefest space. He grew to watch for her, to count his days by her visits. Her gaiety went to his starved heart like wine. In her presence his dread fell away, his resolve strengthened. He would not be a cripple! She never spoke of his wounds. It was always of the Green Timber they talked. He began to feel that she belonged there with himself. A vision of her light form flitting under the trees came to him in the still hours.

He waited impatiently for the day when the bandages should be removed from his eyes. He could fight better, he knew. Nobody could put up a fight in the dark, he explained to the surgeons vehemently. But it was to be a maddeningly slow process as poor Sam was to discover. A darkened room first, into which Elise and others came like dim shadows. So dim that doubt and dread took Sam by the throat again!

But at last the bandages were discarded and he was allowed to use his eyes in the full light. His darkened days had been so filled with memories, with visions of green and shade and coolness, that with his first glimpse of the brown dearth on No-Man's-Land he flinched and covered his eyes with his hand. It was like a cemetery from which even the dead had been routed! He didn't want to see! He wanted his visions again! As though she understood, Elise was whispering:

"Ah, but there is still the blue sky, the golden sunlight, moonlight, and starlight!"

Sam could make no answer. His wavering sight clung to the white disk of the face beside him. Courage came back. His resolve mounted, soared. Through the power of vision he seemed to draw healing, strength. He was

ashamed of the weakness that came over him the day the surgeons told him that one leg was just about as good as new. His arm, too, though frightfully scarred and stiff, was coming along all right. He suffered tortures every time his bad leg was dressed, but he never complained. He was winning out! Winning out! At last came the day when he could sit up.

Hope sang through his veins. He had reached the turn of his long hard battle! But there was no one to share the triumph of that hour with him. The wards were crowded to bewilderment, and he caught only fleeting glimpses of Elise. Sitting in a stiff-backed chair, looking out over the dreary land, he felt a surge of his old dominant power. Given him up, had they? Thought him little better than a dead man? He'd show them! He looked down at his bad leg. No, he couldn't believe that it wouldn't get better. It *had* to get better! Yes, he'd show them! And he'd reckon with Jim Colton yet!

IN A few days there was another rush of patients, and, crowded for room, the convalescing disabled were ordered home. When the word came to Sam he leaned against the wall grey and shaken. He couldn't believe it! Disabled! Ordered home! Beaten, scarred, crippled! And he had accomplished nothing! Nothing! He was given a pair of crutches, but in time, the surgeons told him, he *might* have the use of that leg. A thousand protests rushed to his lips, but no one heard them. There was no time to consider, for the order was acted upon at once.

He had but a moment of parting with Elise. He couldn't bear the compassion of her eyes as she gave him a small cold hand. Then something in the haggard whiteness of her face went through him. His pulses were hammering madly. It was Elise who spoke, catching at the fleeting moments.

"You are going back?"

"Yes."

In the brief silence Sam's eyes spoke the mad thoughts that were tearing him. And suddenly he couldn't help it. He lost hold of himself and said swiftly:

"Come with me!"

Elise flushed, paled. Her cold hands clung to his.

"I cannot," she whispered. "So long as there is strength and life in me—so long as they will let me stay, I must stay! Oh, we must fight, fight! But when you stand in the Green Timber remember—remember this stripped and beaten land. Send us a thought, a wish, a line perhaps. But till the fight is fought and won I—I can think of nothing else," she finished brokenly.

In the rush and hurry her white face blurred, was lost.

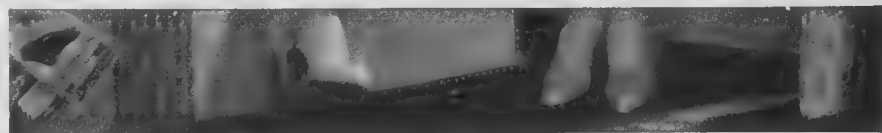
ONE grey November day, gaunt and spent, Sam came home to the little farm, to the mother who put her arms about him and cried for joy that her boy had come back.

Spring came to the Mountain with balm and pleasantness, with dancing showers and warm winds. From his seat by the stove, where he had endured the long rainy months, Sam watched the wave of green rise like mist between the tree-trunks of the Green Timber. Not yet had he ventured into the woods. He could not. It seemed as though they would taunt and pity him, those strong whole trees, those wild things he had ruled with his gun.

[Continued on Page 30]



## Kotex stays comfortable and it is treated to deodorize



Warmer days . . . vacation plans . . . make Kotex more than ever necessary

IN vacation-time, daintiness and comfort are more and more important . . . particularly in sanitary protection. You must feel immaculate, at ease, all of the time. That's why it is wise to specify Kotex.

### Aid to Daintiness

Kotex, for one thing, is treated to deodorize . . . a real necessity on warmer days. It is cool and delicate. Its filler is laid in many filmy, air-cooled layers. These layers of Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding act as quick, complete absorbents in themselves. And not only that—but they serve to carry moisture swiftly away from one area, leaving the protective surface delicate and comfortable for hours.

Kotex softness, you see, is not merely an apparent softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. It stays soft for the gauze is specially treated for greater softness.

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal protection. There's no likelihood of embarrassment or discomfort from

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2. *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
3. *Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
4. *Kotex is worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
5. *Disposable* . . . instantly, completely.

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A CANADIAN - MADE PRODUCT

## Redemption

Continued from page 29

There had been days when he was desperate. No word had come from Elise. It was as well, he would tell himself fiercely. He had lost his senses in that mad moment of parting. Yet each day he watched the mails with a hope that grew fainter and fainter. He had not written. What had he to tell her? He was still on crutches, nor did he seem to care when he could discard them.

Came a day when the last cloud was gone, and the sun shone from a sky of wondrous blue. Mrs. Bertrand and Maggie puttered about in the strawberry patch, and a pleasant earthy smell mingled with the scent of unfolding leaves. A restlessness seized Sam, the spring urge stirring and quickening within him. The image of Elise was with him hour by hour. Nothing from her yet. But she had asked for a line. Ah, he didn't realize how he had clung to that thought through the long months!

He looked about him. The pitiless sunshine revealed the poor room in all its mean and shabby details; its clarifying power shone into the future like a flame in the dark. What had he to offer Elise? What would he ever have to offer?

He flung his crutches from him with a crash and paced up and down the room. Money! Oh, for money that would turn this wretched house into a gay and shining place, into a semblance of the quaint room where he had seen her first—high ceilings, large windows, painted rafters, her drawings on the walls. And outdoors she would have the Green Timber! He closed his eyes, drunk with the vision of her darting like a humming-bird from blossom to blossom! Money he would have, he must have! As if in answer to his need came the thought of the five hundred Jim Colton had borrowed that day as they stood above the carcasses of the deer!

He hadn't thought of it for a long time. A moment and he was all a tremble of hope. Plans leaped to maturity, ran riotously through his brain. He seized pen and paper and wrote a letter to Jim. Slipping it into his pocket he took his crutches and started for the village. It must go by the night's mail. On the way he reflected that he had heard nothing of Jim for many months. He would ask somebody. . . .

He halted in front of the bulletin-board outside the post-office, where were posted the same cryptic reports. But memory lent a penetrative power to Sam's reading of them which was denied the old and anxious standing about. He swayed on his crutches. For again the boom of guns was all he heard, the desolation of a ravaged land was all he saw! He fought back through the chaos of memories to the present. A neighbor was standing near, studying the bulletins anxiously. Sam turned to him and asked after Jim Colton.

"Jim Colton?" repeated the man, staring. "Haven't you heard? Trench feet. They're afraid . . ."

"Trench—feet!" echoed Sam slowly. "Yes. Poor Jim! Well, there'll be plenty more like him, I guess. And how're you, Sam?" asked the neighbor kindly.

Sam did not reply. He stood turning the tidings over and over in his mind. Once he looked down at his own scarred leg with a curious expression, as though it might have belonged to someone else.

"When'll they stop calling for men?" sighed a worn woman.

"When the fight is fought and won," returned a white-haired man. "There's Hank Willis wants to go. He ain't young, and he's married. But he'd go if he could get somebody to take over his job. One o' the returned men might take it, but it's dangerous drivin' that Gov'ment truck down the mountain. Steady nerves. . . ."

Sam turned homeward, limping wearily. His dreams had fallen away, sunken within him. A remark followed him up the street.

"Poor Sam! War sure has taken it outta him!"

A fury seized Sam. He half turned. But already the little crowd had scattered. He went on, his anger mounting with every step. It was the tone that maddened him more than the words. Blind rebellion swept him, rebellion against the forces that had brought him to this, that had reduced him to the pity of the Mountain folk! That year! That year! He wanted to fight, fight, to change all this!

Only when he had reached home and his mother exclaimed at his flushed face did he realize how swiftly he had covered the miles. He took the letter from his pocket and dropped it into the stove. His passion quelled, he felt tired, infinitely tired!

But sleep was long in coming to him that night. For hours he lay watching the stars and a pale moon that came up later, shining serenely on the million varied scenes of earth. He could picture how it was shining into the ward with its rows of restless sufferers, of how Jim was lying there facing the hideous reality of the dread that had hung over Sam for months!

How still the world seemed. Impossible to believe that over there the guns were still booming. He started up, every nerve a quiver of protest. How long—how long before there was peace, before things would be as they had been before? Clear as the message of a bell through the night the answer came: "Till the fight is fought and won!" From the silvered horizons they echoed and rang. Sam found himself repeating them, clinging to them with strange comfort. His head went down on the pillow. He lay very still, thinking, thinking. "Fought and won!" That was it. Miraculously the way ahead shone clear and simple and direct.

HE WOKE to golden day, sat up, and swung his stiff leg to the floor. The old determination showed in the set of his jaw.

"I'm going to make a start," he avowed. "I got two good hands anyhow."

He dressed and went out, leaving his crutches in the corner. No need of them again. He wasn't going to give in to that limp, either. He sent Maggie to the village with a note. He'd learn to drive that truck and let Hank Willis go! Did they think he'd lost his nerve? He'd show them! Afraid of that drive or of anything else? And he'd be a driver, too! Ah, it might even be . . . The pencil shook in Sam's hand. It might even be that in time they'd let him go Overseas again!

He stood in the doorway, erect, defiant. Something long dead stirred within him, a quickening, the urge of dominant power that had lain dormant all these months. From the depths of the Green Timber life called its old [Continued on Page 37]



## Fighting Forest Fires

Continued from page 19

Just below the cook-tent, Mr. Warren led the volunteers to the creek, gave them detailed instructions and started them on their hazardous journey. A minute later he was making his third dash through the fire barrier.

As soon as the six men reached the burning area they lay single file in the centre of the stream and began a laborious and painful crawl. Flaming trees fell across their path—the men submerged and crawled under them; blazing embers fell on and around them; smoke closed their eyes and seared their lungs—hours that were but minutes seemed to pass.

The smoke cloud thinned—purer air eased the pain in their lungs—they had left the stream and were running to the assistance of Warren and Woodworth.

A few hours of frantic work slipped by and hunger became felt; all food was at the cook-tent and the expected packtrains had not arrived; no man could be spared to attempt to fetch food.

Down the creek came a scarecrow; from his back he lifted a large pack and nonchalantly began serving food to the men. A little later he threw his empty pack on his back, said a casual "So long" and disappeared in the direction from which he had come. That man was Warden Percy Woodworth, younger brother of Ben. Percy had gone to the cook-tent for food for his gang, had there gained his first knowledge of the new fire, had realized that the men below it were without food and so had loaded his pack, placed it on his back and made his way through the barrier. One can only surmise what he faced on those trips, for, like the others, he refuses to talk. All he would say was "I followed the trail until it became too hot, then took to the creek."

TWO weeks later the writer was given permission to visit the then controlled but not totally extinguished area; it was only necessary to ride over the trail, the one over which Warren and Woodworth dashed, to get a slight idea of the dangers they faced. Similarly, a walk down the creek bank was sufficient to enable me to visualize to a small extent the terrible hazards that the six volunteers and Percy Woodworth passed through.

An hour or two spent where two or three of the volunteers were gathered together and a few well-timed remarks injected into the conversation were rewarded with a few—a very few—reminiscences that, pieced together, gave me the very sketchy story I have written, and, it is as much as ever will be written, for such men are doers, not talkers, and such incidents are "all in the day's work."

During that visit to the fire zone I saw many things that interested me, and some things I would like to forget. I saw the sleeping quarters of the men—a large pine-bough corral in which weary men had thrown themselves by day or night to snatch what few minutes of sleep they could. A large bonfire burned in the centre of the open-air "bedroom" and soft springy pine boughs formed a circular "mattress" under the wall.

I met several tatterdemalions, young fellows whom I have known for years, but whom I failed to recognize then. These lads had been in the "thick of things" and their appearances proved it. Whiskers and grime disguised their faces and fire had burned their coats to ribbons and in most cases abbreviated their pants to the disappearing

point. Gunny sacking had been used as stocking replacements and trouser-lengthenings.

A small two cylinder Evinrude engine pump was sucking a strong stream of water from the creek and forcing it through a thousand feet of unlined linen hose laid up the face of an almost perpendicular cliff. I conversed with the young man in charge; he told me that the powerful engine pump weighed only 100 lbs. and that the water it was then pumping was being played on a fire almost a mile away. This was being accomplished by the use of relay tanks and engines. He advised me to ascend the slope and "see for myself."

Sometimes erect, and sometimes on hands and knees, I followed the hose to where it discharged its stream into a canvas tank hung between four trees. Near this tank another engine was pumping the water out and sending it through another thousand feet of hose. This engine, I was told by the lads in charge, weighed only 60 lbs. and that either of them could shoulder it with ease and carry it to safety when danger threatened.

Of the things I would like to forget, most prominent is the ride I took through the acres of blackened charred tree-ghosts, repulsive hideousness that once had been sublime beauty. I rode through a "valley of the dead" where once had been an abundance of wild life, and I saw the back-log from under which had emerged the fire-child. I traced the latter's progress to where it attained full growth and started on its work of devastation.

THE story of the Cuthead fire is one that probably, in its major points, would describe many Canadian forest fires each year. Its origin, cost of suppression, devastation, and plucky actions of fire-fighters were probably duplicated the same year in many Canadian areas, for in 1929 fire ravaged 6,029,749 Canadian acres and for suppression alone cost Canada almost a million dollars—\$978,000 to be exact. The total loss of potential wealth, scenic and otherwise, cannot be estimated. Approximately one third of the total acreage, or more than two million acres, was forested lands. Unextinguished camp-fires cost at the rate of \$15,000 and up for suppression, and discarded burning-cigarette-butts did damages at the rate of \$5,000 and up for each.

Unlike a forest reserve, a national park may not close its gate when fire hazards are critical, therefore, the scenic attractions of every national park are threatened annually with destruction. It takes nature fifty years to cover a burned area with but a mockery of what once was there, and one hundred and fifty years at the least to restore it to something like its original beauty. Therefore, our parks are threatened annually with destruction and desertion.

During the past year there has been much controversy, newspaper and otherwise, regarding the granting of water-power rights in the Dominion Parks—attempted violation of the sanctity of the national parks, such water-power requests have been termed. After living twelve years in the Banff National Park the writer does not hesitate to state that the annual violation effected by the leavers of unextinguished-camp-fires and by the careless cigarette-stub discards is a real problem with which the water-power rights one—if it is one—cannot compare.

## Easy to make— so delicious to eat...



ONE OF THE  
**57**

Sandwiches are never so delightful as when they are made with Heinz Sandwich Relish or Spread. This delicious mixture . . . Heinz rich mayonnaise and a chopped assortment of Heinz Sweet Pickles and Heinz Olives . . . has just the right flavour to make it an appetizing filler for sandwiches . . . a perfect sauce for cold meats and fish . . . a choice stuffing for tomatoes, eggs, and celery. Try Heinz Sandwich Relish or Spread today . . . for lunch, tea, a picnic, or a bite between meals. A particularly attractive bridge or party sandwich is made this way:

### TEA SANDWICH

Use bread a day old so that it may be sliced very thin. Remove all crusts. Spread with butter and then with Heinz Sandwich Relish.

For your salads try these two delightful salad dressings——Heinz Salad Cream and Heinz Mayonnaise. Both are delicious, creamy, good—made from Heinz Pure Olive Oil and Vinegar, the freshest of eggs, and choicest seasonings!

MADE IN CANADA BY H. J. HEINZ COMPANY  
CANADIAN FACTORY ESTABLISHED 1909,  
LEAMINGTON, ONTARIO

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# HEINZ

## SANDWICH RELISH OR SPREAD



# THROW MR. WATER-THIN OUT OF YOUR CAR, TOO! HE NEVER FINISHED A TRIP IN HIS LIFE!



● MR. WATER-THIN is the world's worst traveling companion. He's always willing to start a trip—but never able to finish one. He disappears. He vanishes into the blue.

● For Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. It's a quart that can't stand heat, can't fight friction—can't aid a motor in the slightest. It vaporizes in no time. There's no mileage in it. So Quaker State engineers have dubbed this stuff "water-thin". And they take pleasure in throwing it out of Quaker State!

● Ordinary refining doesn't remove "water-thin". It can't remove it. But Quaker State refining gets it out—every last bit of it. An easy task? Don't you believe it! Nothing short of the *most modern refining in the industry* can do it. Nothing short of Quaker State's years of refining experience could develop the process necessary for its removal—a process you find in every one of the Quaker State refineries.

● Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, full-bodied lubri-

cant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—instead of three quarts and one of waste. You really get an *extra* quart of lubrication. That's why Quaker State Motor Oil is experiencing the fastest growing demand of any oil in America. *That's why to-day Quaker State is the world's largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil!*

● And Quaker State has the proper start in life. It is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● You'll find Quaker State Motor Oil wherever you see the green and white service station sign. And you'll see that sign in front of every fourth filling station. It won't take you long to discover that Quaker State is really the least expensive oil you can buy. For in every gallon there's an extra quart that takes the fight out of heat and friction—and the teeth out of repair bills!

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

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## QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## MOTOR OIL



A PART from the Budget which was brought down in the House of Commons by Hon. R. B. Bennett recently, the most outstanding matter has been the report filed by the Stamp Commission. Our readers will remember that this Commission, headed by the celebrated English economist, Sir Josiah Stamp and assisted by the Hon. Chief Justice Brown of Saskatchewan and W. Sanford Evans, M.L.A., Winnipeg, was charged with the question of ascertaining if future trading on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange adversely affected the producer's interest or reduced his net receipts. Hearings were held in Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Minneapolis and Chicago, where over 50 witnesses were examined. The Commission held its first sitting on April 13th and two weeks later it had completed its investigations.

The report unanimously states that the farmer receives a higher price for his grain as a result of the present system of futures trading. As one commentator puts it, the report establishes that futures are an ingenious, inexpensive method of nullifying certain risks in getting grain to the market. Another writer, in summing up the salient points of the report, states his conclusions as follows:

"There is no effect upon the long period major trends of price, which must find their position relative to the price of other commodities in the long run.

Major fluctuations in price from year to year and quarter to quarter are lessened "to make the producer's position more stable and secure."

Minor day to day oscillations are increased, but these tend to level off major fluctuations and benefit the producer. Also, gamblers lose money in such a way as to increase the producer's price.

Apart from fluctuations, the effect is "less certainly, but with a high degree of probability, to increase the average price received in the long run by the producer, to an indeterminate but appreciable extent."

If Canada were to abandon futures trading while the rest of the world retained it, there would be a disadvantage for Canadian wheat, "which would definitely fall upon the producer in a lower price."

\* \* \*

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) Could you kindly furnish me with information regarding the Brooks Steamer Company Canadian shares? Are they still operating in Canada, or is there any likelihood of them doing so, and will their shares become of any value?

—J.B.M.

(A) The most recent information which we have on the Brooks enterprises is that, in spite of repeated efforts at reorganization of the company, nothing has so far materialized, and we doubt if the shareholders will ever receive anything.

\* \* \*

Moose Jaw, Sask.

(Q) Kindly advise in your "Dollars and Cents" feature re the undernoted. I, like many others, bought these in the boom days of 1912 and forgot them, Standard Coal Co. Ltd. and American Canadian Coal Co. Ltd.

The two companies were supposed to have coal mines in B.C. I suppose they were only phantoms and I may light the fire with the certificates. Am I right?

—C.D.A.

(A) Neither of the coal companies to which you refer appears in any of the records which we have of companies operating in Canada in which there is an investment interest.

We would suggest that you write to the Registrar of Companies at Vancouver for information as to the present standing of these two companies and especially the last address of the Secretary or President.

\* \* \*

Vernon, B.C.

(Q) I bought a block of Home Oil at \$1.50 and I see same quoted now at 60c. What is wrong with this stock? The company has a lot of very good men at the back of it. Would you advise selling, or would you expect this stock to improve? Is the company quite sound?

—F.E.L.R.

(A) The current decline of Home Oil stock is a reflection of the general conditions in all securities. You will have noticed that even the best investment stocks have suffered a very serious decline in market price and all of them have suffered a loss in earnings. We have always considered Home Oil the best speculation in the independent oil companies and we are of the opinion that when the market for oil stock, improves Home Oil will be leading such stocks. The company has always had a good earning power for this class of investment and we do not see any reason why you should sell your stock at present prices, because you are as likely to recover your loss by staying with the stock as you are by switching into some other speculation.

\* \* \*

Upper Falmouth, N.S.

(Q) Kindly give me some information regarding Massey-Harris Machinery Co. Why have their dividends dropped so low?

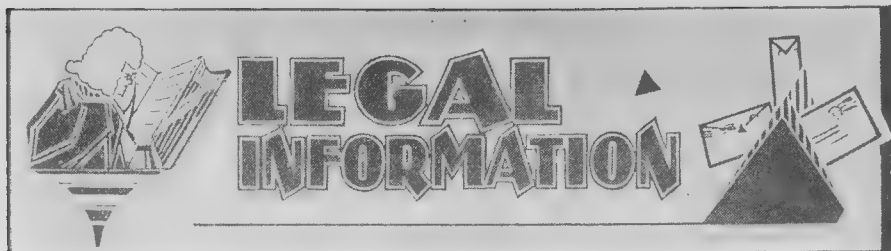
—D.L.

(A) The Massey-Harris Co. Ltd. is one of the largest agricultural machinery companies in the world and has branches in all important foreign centres. Its business, however, is confined to agricultural machinery and supplies, so that the condition of the company is directly governed by the general conditions of agriculture. As you are probably well aware, there is a world wide depression in this industry. Farmers are receiving only nominal returns for their grain and produce. As a result they are unable to pay their debts or purchase any machinery and the Massey-Harris Company is therefore immediately affected by this condition.

Because of its dominant position in the industry, the company will, of course, show a substantial improvement in its business and financial standing, as soon as the agricultural industry is again on a profitable basis. This, of course, is only a matter of time, because it is a primary and essential industry.

The company has always been well managed, although latterly they were paying dividends that were possibly larger than were justified under conservative accounting practice.





JUST about closing time a party came to a butcher shop, bought some chops and asked the employee who was serving him about canned peas. The employee said they had peas and made some gesture from which the purchaser understood that he was directed towards a shelf where the peas were, either for the purpose of inspection or to get the peas for himself. This shelf was in a part of the shop infrequently visited by customers. In the floor of that part of the shop into which the customer went there was situated a trap door which, when opened, admitted to stairs leading to the cellar under the shop. This trapdoor was open when the purchaser went to inspect the peas and he walked into the opening, fell to the bottom and injured himself.

He sued the butcher, and when the case was heard he recovered damages for eight hundred and fifty dollars and costs. The butcher appealed, claiming that the purchaser had no right to go where the accident happened and that he was also guilty of contributory negligence. The Court of Appeal, however, held that the purchaser was not a trespasser but was really in that portion of the store at the invitation of the employee and that he was not guilty of any negligence whatsoever, thus confirming the original award.

\* \* \*

Edmonton, Alta.

(Q) I have a friend who was born in Denmark. Married to a Canadian in the United States—later came to Canada, where they have lived for many years. They finally separated while living in British Columbia. She has neither heard from nor seen him in twelve years since separating, has no knowledge as to his whereabouts, or if living or dead. Now she wishes to marry again. Would she be free to re-marry? If so would it be legal?

—M.S.G.

(A) There is a rule that if a person has not been traced or heard from by those who would ordinarily be expected to hear from him for a period of seven years, then the law will presume that the person is dead. However, the evidence upon which such a presumption would be acted on by the Court must be very clear and strong.

In this case your friend cannot legally remarry as long as she has not been divorced, or her husband has not died. If she desires to remarry in such cases the Court may make a declaration of presumption of the death of the husband. If it later appeared that her husband was still living then the declaration of the Court would not have the effect of a divorce and the second marriage would be bigamous, but the having obtained the declaration would be almost conclusive evidence of the lack of any criminal intent.

\* \* \*

St. James, Man.

(Q) The woman next door is a widow and she keeps trying to make trouble with me. She has done nothing else but keep laughing at me for what she can do and what she will do if I don't move out. Can't I do something about her to be able to live a little more comfortably?

—"English Woman."

(A) It is difficult for us to assist you materially in such a case, because it is almost impossible to estimate in money what damage the woman

may have caused you. Unless you can show a substantial injury of some sort to your property, or reputation, then it is not worth while taking legal proceedings against your neighbor because, usually, in such cases it is not worth the costs of paying a solicitor to endeavour to obtain compensation for you.

\* \* \*

Chamberlain, Sask.

(Q) On January 5th, 1929, an agent for a piano company in Regina sold me a second hand piano. I asked him if they could send a bench and he said he would see what they could do about it.

I signed an agreement for piano only and have paid the full amount. Before the piano was paid for they put the bill in the hands of Gladwill & Wilson, auditors, and when they sent in the statement there was a charge of \$10. for a bench, so I wrote and told them I did not buy a bench. I did not hear from them again, but several statements have come from the company asking me to settle up on the piano. I accepted the bench when the piano came because I thought the agent managed to send one along. I have all receipts for piano paid in full. Can they force me to pay for the bench? —"Rusty."

(A) Your rights are determined by the contract which you signed with the company. Usually when the purchaser buys goods on a lien agreement a duplicate of the agreement is given to him. If this was done in your case your copy of the note will say whether or not you are to pay for the piano stool in addition to the piano. If the bench was not included in the lien note at the time you signed it, then, in our opinion the company cannot claim anything for the bench, and if they have added a charge for the bench then that part of the agreement is not binding because the addition amounts to forgery. However, your difficulty may be, if the case comes before a Judge, to satisfy him that the charge for the bench was not added to the note with your permission and approval. If you have a duplicate copy of the lien agreement which does not mention the bench then we think your case is quite clear, otherwise it is a matter of evidence for the Judge to decide whom he should believe. We cannot tell you whether they are justified in charging you interest or not. It depends upon the terms of your lien agreement.

\* \* \*

Grunthal, Man.

(Q) "A" has owed me thirty dollars for the past number of years. Last fall I wrote him asking for payments. He replied saying he couldn't pay; but, as he is a single man—employed—with no dependants, I put my case in the hands of a lawyer. The lawyer acknowledged my letter in October, saying he was taking up the case, but since then I've never heard from him, although I wrote him twice. As he has A's letter, my only evidence, what can I do? —Anxious.

(A) We would suggest that you place this matter in the hands of some other solicitor for attention. He can check up on the debtor as to whether he has made any payment to the other solicitor or not and if he finds anything irregular he can report it to the Law Society for their attention and they will discipline the first solicitor.

## HER TOES GOT WET ONLY IN A SHOWER BATH . . . YET SHE CAUGHT "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

SHE is one of the most particular people in the world—so fastidious, in fact, that on her outing to the beach she wouldn't go in the water. Because too much debris bubbled in the surf, she wet her feet only on the tile floor of a shower bath.

Strange to say, she would have been safer in the ocean than prancing on the spotless floor of that shower. Like almost every moist surface, it was infested with germs of "Athlete's Foot"—invisible to her eyes, but highly contagious to her dainty toes.

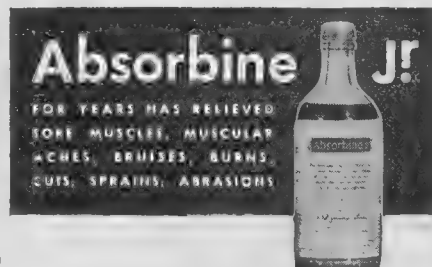
At first she noticed a moist, unwholesome white patch of skin between her toes. Neglected, this common symptom\* of "Athlete's Foot" began to itch and spread. The skin blistered—turned red, cracked, and then painfully peeled—just because she didn't know this annoying infection might cause real trouble.

**Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection now attacking millions?**

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us\*, no matter where we are, regardless of what we do. You can catch it in the very places people go for cleanliness—on the spotless tile floors of shower baths, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors—any place where bare feet touch the floor. It is an infection caused by a tiny vegetable parasite called *tinea trichophyton*, which is so hardy that stockings must be boiled

**\*Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



fifteen minutes to kill it. Nothing but constant care can keep it from coming back—even when you have rid yourself of an attack.

**It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

**Examine YOUR feet tonight**

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield see your doctor.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write

W. F. YOUNG, INC.

Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Quebec, Canada



# MINAKI

*In Canada's Pine Clad Lake-of-the-Woods Region*



*Silver streams, sparkling lakes,  
fragrant forests and every  
form of summer sport*



"Minaki" is an Ojibway Indian word. It means "beautiful country" — for this wonderful Lake-of-the-Woods re-

gion cast the same spell on the Indian centuries ago that it casts on the white man today.

In the heart of this land of lakes and streams, Canadian National has built Minaki Lodge. Here is a golf course ringed by cool pine woods. Here are tennis, swimming, motor-boating, canoeing, aquaplaning . . . Here at night are blazing fires, delightful dinners, gay dancing, charming companionship.

For the sportsman, Minaki Lodge is only a short way to swift streams and fishing solitudes — to lakes where trout abound!

Canadian National takes you everywhere in Canada. It operates steamship lines, telegraph and express services and 14 broadcasting stations. Its luxurious hotels, lodges and camps stretch from one end of Canada to the other.

For those interested in Minaki and other Canadian National vacation spots, showings of Canadian travel films may be arranged on application to any Canadian National agent, who will also gladly furnish beautifully illustrated booklets.



M-72-D

**CANADIAN NATIONAL**  
*The Largest Railway System in America*

## Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

### Sources of Information

THE paragraphs that follow direct readers to certain sources of information concerning which inquiries have been made from time to time. Information, in more detail, on these and related topics has been sent separately but the substance of the answers is given here in order that other readers may, if they are interested, communicate with this department for further particulars. Some of the works listed may be secured on orders placed through local book sellers, but, in some cases, it may be necessary for readers to forward their inquiries to us so that they may be sent on to the proper sources.

### Commercial Education

A.S.N., Saskatchewan, who has left school and is working in a rural district and wishes to carry on home studies in business subjects, is advised that possibly the best introductory service for his purpose is Pitman's Journal of Commercial Education. This magazine is published weekly at a very low price and contains helpful articles on English, Office Efficiency, Business Law, Banking, Typewriting, Shorthand, Modern Languages and Secretarial Practice. It also includes reviews of many new books on business subjects so that students have an opportunity of securing, at a reasonable cost, the latest text books on any business subjects in which they may have a special interest.

### Business Economics

J.A.W., British Columbia, is advised that, in connection with his examination requirements involving papers on Economics and Geography, he might save time and secure a better grasp of these subjects by studying them from a single book. Such a book is Social and Economic Geography which deals with the establishment, explanation, and appreciation of the relationship between man and his environment, local and world-wide, human and physical. The author says that students preparing for examinations in geography, and in economics, commerce, banking, or other branches of study where a knowledge of the subject is required, should find this book both helpful and stimulating, since much information not readily accessible has been brought together and presented concisely. The questions, exercises and topics for discussion offer the reader an ample choice of a wide variety of problems rather than mere exercises. The study of this book may be more than usually interesting from the fact that it is profusely illustrated, as it contains 181 maps, charts and photographs.

### The Art of Writing Letters

C.H.I., Ontario, who has recently been called upon to take over work requiring the writing of a considerable number of business letters—work with which he is not thoroughly familiar, is informed that a suitable reference manual for his purposes is Canadian Commercial Correspondence. This manual contains upwards of two hundred illustrative letters, all indexed according to subject. It also contains definite suggestions for those who have to dictate or write business letters, together with chapters and problems on vocabulary building, which help the dictator to select words best fitted for his purpose. Some of the chapter headings are the business letter, the business word, the sentence, the paragraph, the body of the letter, classification of letters, collection

letters, advertising, filing, and business organization.

The paragraphs that follow, which represent the ideas of a great banking institution, may prove interesting and suggestive to many whose daily work requires the dictating of business letters:

"A letter is a written message or communication from one person to another.

"Usually, it gives, or asks for, information. Usually, also, it is intended to impress or influence the person to whom it is addressed so that he will do what the writer of the letter wants him to do.

"A letter, then, is really a substitute for an interview.

"Dear Mr. Rogers' takes the place of 'Good Morning, Mr. Rogers.'

"Yours very truly' is the written equivalent of 'Good-bye.'

"In the body of the letter, the writer makes a request, outlines a proposal or gives information—more briefly, it is true, than he would in conversation, but often much more convincingly.

"A letter is effective in the degree that it impresses and influences the person to whom it is addressed.

"People are impressed, favorably or unfavorably, by the quality of the stationery a business house uses and by the way its letters are typed. They are influenced by what a letter says and how it says it."

### Civil Service Examination

G.A., Alberta, who is interested in Civil Service Examinations, does not clearly indicate whether he refers to Dominion or Provincial examinations. Not all of the provinces conduct Civil Service Examinations, but some do and now that the Dominion has transferred the natural resources to the Western provinces, there will probably be from time to time more opportunities for clerical and stenographic service with provincial governments.

Canadian Commercial Correspondence, already referred to, is listed as a suitable book for Manitoba candidates. Another book that will be published shortly and concerning which advance information has been received, is The Canadian Secretary. This would appear to be an excellent manual for candidates in any of the provinces, as it contains a considerable number of letters actually written by government officials. It also contains numerous secretarial assignments many of which are similar in character to problems set on the various papers of Dominion and Provincial examinations. A special section which contains lists of about fifteen hundred words frequently misspelled, will prove helpful to candidates who have to face spelling tests. The section on commercial terms and their definitions will also prove of value to those who have to write papers on office routine.

### The Choice of Occupations

P.J., Manitoba, who is undecided in regard to the choice of an occupation, might do well to secure a copy of Vocations. This work describes in detail a very large number of useful and interesting occupations. In many cases, the explanations are accompanied by photographs that give a very good idea of the work that is to be done. The first chapter is devoted to a discussion of what one ought to know about a vocation; the second discusses what one ought to know about oneself; and the third explains how one may combine knowledge of self and vocational knowledge in selecting a vocation.



## Shirley's Vicarious Motherhood

Continued from page 13

the woman he had idolized. One day in billets he had come across a paper many weeks old. It gave the account of his wife's death by drowning. Some days later a delayed post brought him confirmation of the news. At the end of five years he returned to Canada, his thick hair streaked with grey and a zig-zag scar extending from temple to chin on his right side. He had settled down to a general practice which grew rapidly and this was the first holiday he had taken since his return from overseas. . . . .

NEXT morning coming out of the bath-house Shirley bumped into someone and turning to apologize found herself facing Dr. Carstairs.

"I beg your pardon—I thought everyone had gone."

"So did I" responded the doctor smiling. He waited while she collected her things and locked the door. Ann and Peggy came racing towards them.

"Do you enjoy taking care of other people's children?" he asked as they turned up the hill towards the hotel.

"Why, yes; otherwise I suppose I shouldn't be doing it! Once during a course in psychology I learned that people really never do anything they don't want to in spite of all they may tell you to the contrary."

"What a nice simple explanation of all life's little contradictions" said Dr. Carstairs smiling. "I wonder if you believe it yourself?"

"I wonder" echoed Shirley non-committally. She looked affectionately at Ann, the second child in her sister's family. The little girl's face was deeply tanned and her clear blue eyes seemed to reflect the intense color of the August sky. Her brown hair was cut very short and a dimple puckered the smooth roundness of her chin when she smiled. Ann was Shirley's god-child and the two were the best of friends.

"Why did you retreat so precipitately from the discussion on the beach the other morning?" continued Dr. Carstairs, stooping to pick a burr off his ankle.

"About children's food, wasn't it?" Shirley responded.

"Yes—spinach was the article in question I think."

"I know better than to offer suggestions to mothers—even when they ask for it!" Shirley came back feelingly.

"Very sound. In my practice I'm up against the same thing all the time. People tell me earnestly that they want my candid opinion . . . What they're really after is an opening to prove that they couldn't possibly do other than they are doing!"

Shirley laughed at his discomfited expression and caught back a lock of hair which had blown loose from her sleek, well-brushed head. Dr. Carstairs eyed her appraisingly.

"It's too bad you can't see the play of light on your hair when the sun strikes it" he remarked. "Do you know you are the only hatless woman on the beach?"

Shirley's eyes fell on the violet sport's suit she was wearing, then to her bare sun-burned legs . . . .

"One tries to please—usually!" she answered.

They had reached the hotel.

"Wire for you, sir." The desk clerk handed a yellow envelope to Dr. Carstairs; annoyance showed in his face as he read it and turned to Shirley.

"It's from my locum tenens. Some complication in connection with a

patient. He wants me to go back. Disappointing. I'd hoped to be here a week longer at least."

"What bad luck! You've barely started your holiday." Shirley hoped her voice sounded natural. "Come Peg" laying a detaining hand on her niece's shoulder—"we won't go upstairs before dinner."

That afternoon, leaning back in the motor beside Mrs. Forsyth, Dr. Carstairs mentioned Miss Dumaurier.

"Saw you walking up from the beach with her this morning" answered Mrs. Forsyth, her eyes on the road; "she's all right in her way—bit of a poseuse tho'."

"Well, she certainly knows how to enjoy the water—goes off as if she were heading for Europe instead of sticking about in the shallows pretending she's learning to swim! She sings well too."

"She's the kind that does everything well if she does it at all. People find her a little tiresome sometimes on that account. Devoted daughter and all that sort of thing while her mother was living, and fairy god-mother to the two nieces now. Vicarious motherhood! One would think she'd get married herself and have some children of her own if she's so crazy about them!"

Dr. Carstairs made no reply. The salt breeze and the motion of the car made him feel delightfully sleepy and disinclined for any exertion, either physical or mental. Besides, he never argued with women.

SHIRLEY fastened the hook inside the bath-house door and picked up a rough towel which Ann had dropped on the floor.

"It's ending just like every other summer—all snug and pat and according to schedule" she remarked to herself, undoing the snap of her bathing suit. She had had her last swim for the season; tomorrow they would be packing up.

Suddenly she heard the quick patter of bare feet.

"Auntie Shir" shrilled a small excited voice, "Ed Devlin's drowning!"

The door of the bath-house flew violently open, almost overturning Ann as Shirley shot past her.

"Go for a boat Ann—quickly" she called back. Her bathing dress was unfastened at one shoulder and her legs shone damp and gleaming as she ran down the steps and out on to the jetty.

Some distance from shore a skiff rocked to and fro, while the oars could be seen floating away from its gunwale. In the boat sat Ethel Devlin, watching a small form which struggled in the water making vain efforts to reach the drifting skiff. A stiff breeze was blowing. On the pierhead stood Mrs. Devlin in the grip of that nightmare paralysis which seizes some people when instant action is called for. She looked desperately round and a sobbing cry burst from her dry lips: "Oh God save him!"

Something sprang past her into the swirling water below. It reappeared several yards from the pier and a long slender body shot through the waves, white arms rising and falling in the rhythmic movements of the crawl.

The August sky was cloudless, the water rippled about the piles beneath the jetty and far out at sea a white sail floated by.

"Mummy, Mummy!" shrieked Ethelwyn. A black and white bathing cap lifted a moment above the water and Shirley's voice called:

[Continued on page 36]



PENMANS NEW SILK HOSIERY offers you a quiet distinction that is the hallmark of supreme good taste.

The elegance and perfect fitting quality of Penmans New Silk Hosiery have earned for it the approbation of fashionable women.

And just as they are styled to lead the mode, so are these stockings\* fashioned to provide maximum endurance and wear.

**PENMANS**  
NEW SILK HOSIERY



# New



## Boilfast Sewing Silk

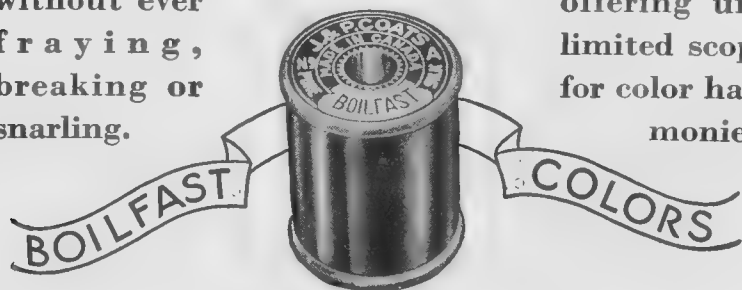


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# J. & P. Coats' SPOOL SILK

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THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO., MONTREAL  
MAKERS OF COATS' AND CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON

## Shirley's Vicarious Motherhood

Continued from page 35

"It's all right Ethel—sit down!" Shirley was tired. She had been in the water all morning, the wind was against her and rough, choppy little waves stung her face. And little Ed was sinking for the second time.

To Mrs. Devlin it seemed that she must have been standing there watching, watching, ever since the creation of the world! At last she saw Ed's little head reappearing on Shirley's left. A few strokes brought her to him. Turning on her back she tried to grasp the child's head between her hands, but Ed, struggling in terror, wound his arms firmly round her neck, dragging her with him beneath the waves. Just then the put-put-put of a gasoline engine broke on Mrs. Devlin's straining ears and she saw a man standing in a motor boat stripping off his coat and vest.

In the water, Shirley managed somehow to disengage Ed's arms and pull him to the surface once more; but she could feel her strength ebbing and realized, with dismay, that she couldn't possibly reach the drifting skiff. There was nothing for it but to wait, hoping help might come swiftly. She knew she could depend on Ann. . . .

Sharp pain stabbed her in the side and just as the boat slowed down beside them her grip on Ed slackened and darkness closed over her.

"She's coming to—at last—I think," said a man's voice; "stand back a little please, everyone."

Shirley opened her eyes slowly, vaguely wondering to whom the remark referred. She found herself looking straight into the face of Dr. Carstairs bending anxiously above her. She was lying on the ground with a rough tweed thrown over her and someone seemed to be supporting her shoulders.

"Good work Miss Dumaaurier," congratulated the doctor. "Here, drink this please." He held a glass to her lips.

"How are the Devlins?" asked Shirley in a watery voice.

"Right as rain. Mrs. Devlin fainted, but she's all right now and the little chap recovered before we reached shore. But there's been the devil of a time over you—we've been working for nearly an hour to bring you round."

"Awfully sorry to have been such bother. . . do you think I could get out of the way somewhere? I feel so conspicuous like this" whispered Shirley, weakly, while her lids dropped. As she finished speaking Mrs. Forsyth's car stopped beside them. "Can't I drive you all up to the hotel?" she inquired. "Thanks very much" responded the doctor with alacrity.

"Will you come in front with me Roscoe? Then Miss Dumaaurier can lie down on the back seat."

"I'm afraid I'll have to stay right beside the patient Winnifred—if you don't mind. Her pulse needs watching" said Dr. Carstairs quietly. With a professional air he settled Shirley on the seat and stood beside her supporting himself with one hand on the coat rail. To her surprise when they reached the hotel, the verandah was crowded and everyone in a hurry to congratulate her. But Dr. Carstairs steered her quickly past them through the hall towards the stairs, saying firmly:

"Sleep and a good rest for you, Mam'selle—those are my orders!"

THAT evening a huge moon rose early from behind the little copse which stood between the road and the hotel. It dusted the trees with its soft sheen, till every leaf seemed to stand out in silver radiance.

Shirley, in a long cane chair, watched it from the verandah. She was wearing a voile dress patterned in great tiger lilies and a black fox fur trailed over one shoulder. Behind her the screen door creaked sharply and she heard steps coming along the verandah. They stopped by her chair. Turning, she saw Dr. Carstairs beside her—he carried a pigskin suit-case and an overcoat hung across one arm.

"Miss Dumaaurier, I was just looking for you to say goodbye. I'm going tonight you know—by the nine forty-five." He spoke almost shyly.

Shirley's face looked very white in the moonlight and there were dark circles beneath her eyes. She hoped her voice would not betray her.

"I hope the change here has done you good" she managed to articulate—"tho' it hasn't been a very long holiday."

"Its been long enough for one thing—long enough to have met you—Shirley." The words were spoken so gently she could barely hear them. "I wonder if you'd feel like driving as far as the station" he went on after a moment; "let me see what that pulse of yours is doing, first." His fingers touched her wrist. "There's something I want to talk to you about . . ." he finished.

IT WAS later than usual when Shirley went in to say goodnight to the children. "Goodnight Aunt Shir," murmured Ann sleepily—"I've said my prayers."

"That's right dear."

"But Aunt Shir are you sure God hears us?"

Shirley stooped, tucked in the covers and kissed the child. "I believe He does, darling."

## A Peep at Stars and Hollywood

Continued from page 21

cap out of which a second suit might have been made at a pinch. He, of course, directed the scene in person. He reminded me of a dressed-up London coster, minus the "pearlies." He was no longer the fairly slim, agile James Cruze I had loved in the Western pictures of former days. Father Time and good feeding have played "Merry Ned" with his perfect thirty-two. But that has not interfered with his knowledge of the picture-producing business, and I was informed while there that he could put things through twice as fast as most directors and perhaps twice as efficiently. So, let him have his coster

suit and his heavy waist line, if he wishes, so long as he gives us good pictures.

It was all very novel and very interesting, and everybody was so friendly, but there was nothing really thrilling about any part of what I saw in Hollywood; just business going on in a businesslike way, the same as it would go on in a shoe factory or a cannery. And after it was over, I wouldn't have exchanged my chance greeting and meeting at dawn, off Hilo in the Island of Hawaii, with that pretty, little scintillating Janet Gaynor, for my entire Hollywood experience.



## Redemption

Continued from page 30

challenge. It was where he had drunk of power to the full!

He hunted out his gun and cartridges, heedless of his mother's warnings and pleadings. Beyond the clearing the Green Timber received him again. He walked slowly, his senses stinging to the pulse of sap, to the vernal freshness intoxicating as wine. How fearless the birds were, darting across his path, trilling in the branches above. He could feel his face flushing, his veins throbbing.

There flashed across his vision a scarlet-breasted bird. A moment, and from the boughs above came a rain of melody. A robin, calling for love across the wood! There was something taunting about the flitting wings, the dancing feet. Sam's fingers trembled and tightened on the gun. His blood was warming with the old instincts of desire. How he wanted that defiant thing!

Cautiously he raised the gun. In a moment that flashing, quivering bit of life would lie headless on the ground. Something halted the finger already on the trigger. The great timber wavered, was gone, gone as though a hand had wiped it out! A great desolation ringed him about, the desolation of No-Man's-Land, torn and bleak and lifeless! No trees, no flowers, no happy birds; death and sorrow and wreckage everywhere! Like a great revolving disc the past year came back, and through a swirl of memories a face looked out. ....

He did not know when he lowered the gun, when again he was conscious of the fragrance and coolness of trees. He drew a long breath. He was trembling. Beads of perspiration were on his face. But, with a great wave of thankfulness he heard above him the bird yet singing!

And afterwards he remembered no detail of the moments that followed. He did not stir when a voice spoke his name. Then he saw before him his sister, holding out a travel-worn letter. Retreating footsteps boomed in his ears; his hand shook so that he could scarcely break the seal. The name below the fine uneven lines blazed into radiance. Elise!

He must lean against a tree to steady his vision. She had thought of him often, of him walking beneath great trees that sang of peace and beauty. As for her? She was back in the half-wrecked house. A little grass tried to grow outside the door. She had not been able to answer that day. Her life was her country's. And now there was naught to give but a wornout and useless body that would be a long, long time in healing. Soon she would go back to Montreal. Was it a very long way from Green Timber Mountain? Perhaps, sometime, he could come to her and they would talk. ....

The letter broke off abruptly. The name signed below was scarcely decipherable. But Sam's heart was singing with the bird in the boughs above, calling for love across the world!

## Shadowland

Continued from page 24

The story is not at all original, but it is neatly handled and well played, and the star is undeniably attractive. Entertaining for adults.

### Young Sinners

DESPITE its outstanding success as a play this last season, I did not think "Young Sinners" either intensely amusing or very interesting. Sugar-coated with the spirit of regeneration at the end, it contains many coarse lines and several rather ugly situations, without any real literary merit to justify them.

The story tells of a rich man's son who, after a disappointment in love, goes on a "bat" so prolonged that it threatens to become a lifelong habit. His harassed father sends the boy to a lonely mountain camp, with a hefty Irish trainer hired to punch some sense into the youth. The punching is literal and not figurative, and after a series of hearty fights, the boy wins back his self respect—and his girl.

Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright play the leading juvenile roles, but the picture is completely stolen by Thomas Meighan, who returns to the screen in the role of the Irish trainer. The first sequences which attempt to show the giddy whirl of the modern rich young people are rather tiresome, but as soon as Meighan appears, he dominates the picture with his splendid characterization.

### Seed

THIS is an excellent picture, well directed and acted. It is based on Charles G. Norris' novel of the same title, and gives us an interesting story of the domestic problem type, suited to mature audiences. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin in the two leading women's parts are well cast, and play with artistry and restraint. John Boles, without songs or romantic costumes, gives a fine performance in a role difficult to make sympathetic. There are several charming children in the picture. A very human and interesting story, well presented.

### The Good Bad Girl

HERE is the old "East Lynne" story rehashed and given a modern decoration of gangsters, bootleggers and racketeers. The story is supposed to give you "a real good cry." It may do so for, although it is as old as the hills, it is well played in this version.

### Captain Thunder

A ROMANTIC story of a glamorous bandit who steals hearts as well as cash. The cast and general production are too good for the rather silly, old-fashioned story, and a variety of accents, foreign and otherwise, makes the dialogue bewildering to follow.

*Jerome Carver*

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# Better Cookery

By Gertrude Dutton

## All Kinds of Desserts

THE dessert is an important part of a meal, not merely a finishing touch. It should be carefully planned to round out the requirements of the diet, supplying a definite part of the food needed, instead of being an "extra." As a rule, it gives us the sugar required, in some form. If protein or fat is not provided earlier in the meal, the dessert should furnish them, possibly in the form of eggs, milk, and cream. A heavy, substantial dessert will follow a light main course. If a hearty meal of meat and vegetables is provided, the dessert may be light and dainty.

There is an infinite variety to choose from; rich or simple, hot or cold; fruits, fresh in season, canned, or combined with other foods; the many gelatine desserts; the cereal and milk puddings; pies and pastry; many forms of batters and doughs, either baked or steamed. A few pieces of candy make an excellent emergency dessert, when one is pressed for time.

The method of serving a dessert often makes a festive dish from a very simple one. Attractive china and glassware are so inexpensive nowadays that one can afford to have several varieties to add interest to quite commonplace meals. Sherbet glasses should be found in every home. Glass plates, of many sizes and colors, may be found in the "five-and-ten," as well as in other stores. A few lace paper doilies will make many desserts look more attractive. Molds, either large size, or individual, should have a place in every kitchen. It takes but a few minutes to put a simple gelatine mixture into small molds of unusual shapes, which are very inexpensive, but make the children feel that they are having a real party. It is a good plan to keep on hand a supply of non-perishable things which may be used for decoration or flavor, such as vegetable colors, a variety of flavorings, shelled nuts, coconut, candied cherries, angelica, etc. There are to be had now, at ten cents each, little packages of colored sugar, red, lavender, blue, green, yellow, etc., chocolate shot, and very tiny colored candies, which make most attractive garnishes. Custard

cups, either of earthenware or heat-proof glass, are useful, either for molds, or in which to cook and serve desserts. Muffin tins will also serve as molds.

To remove jelly from molds, immerse till entirely covered, in luke-warm water for a few moments. Shake off the water, and invert on the serving dish.

It is not always possible to have whipping cream. To ordinary cream, add a little gelatin about 1 teaspoon to a cup of cream, if rather thin, stir till dissolved, then chill till ready to whip. The amount of gelatin depends upon the thickness of the cream. Or use evaporated milk by putting it in the top of the double boiler, and heating, over hot water, to the scalding point. To 1 cup, add ½ teaspoon of gelatin softened in 2 tablespoons cold water, stir till dissolved, chill, and whip.

Some form of quick bread often makes a most acceptable dessert, and is quite substantial. Hot biscuits and honey are liked by many people. Coffee bread of some kind, with jam, jelly, marmalade or canned fruit, is good. Nut or date bread and butter with cheese; waffles or pancakes, with syrup, honey or jam; date muffins, or fresh berry muffins, popovers filled with apple-sauce, doughnuts, cookies with stewed or canned fruit, are easy to prepare, and usually popular, although not as a rule considered desserts.

### French Sandwiches

Spread the required number of slices of bread with jam, jelly or marmalade, put together in pairs to form sandwiches. Dip each sandwich in a custard mixture made by adding 2 to 3 beaten eggs, 2 tb. sugar, ½ t. salt, ½ t. vanilla, to 1 c. milk. Brown on both sides on a hot greased griddle, and serve with either nutmeg or lemon or vanilla sauce, or with more of the jam or marmalade which was used in the sandwiches.

### Lemon Sauce

Sugar, ½ c.  
Boiling water, 1 c.  
Cornstarch, 1 tb.  
or flour, 1½ tb.

Butter, 2 tb.  
Lemon juice, 1½ tb.  
Salt, ⅛ t.

Mix the sugar and cornstarch, add the boiling water slowly, and cook over hot water, stirring occasionally, for 10 or 15 minutes. When ready to



Attractive glassware and china are so inexpensive nowadays, that one can afford to have several varieties to add interest to quite commonplace meals.

Fresh or canned fruit provides a light and dainty dessert.

serve, add the butter, salt and lemon juice. For Nutmeg Sauce, add a little grated nutmeg. For Vanilla Sauce use 1 t. vanilla in place of the lemon juice.

### Butterscotch Rolls

Flour, 2 c.  
Baking powder, 4 t.  
Salt, ½ t.

Shortening, 2 tb.  
Milk to moisten  
Brown Sugar

Butter

Mix and sift the baking powder, flour and salt, rub in the shortening, and moisten with milk till the dough will roll out like biscuits. Spread with ¼ c. melted butter and ¾ c. brown sugar. Roll like a jelly roll, and cut off slices ¾ to 1 inch thick. Place in muffin tins, in which has been melted ½ t. butter and 1 t. brown sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, 20 to 25 minutes.

### Dutch Apple Cake

Make a good baking powder biscuit dough, having it a little too soft to roll out. Spread on a flat pan. Cover the top with slices of pared apple, arranged in rows, close together, pressing each piece of apple into the dough. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve hot with any desired liquid sauce.

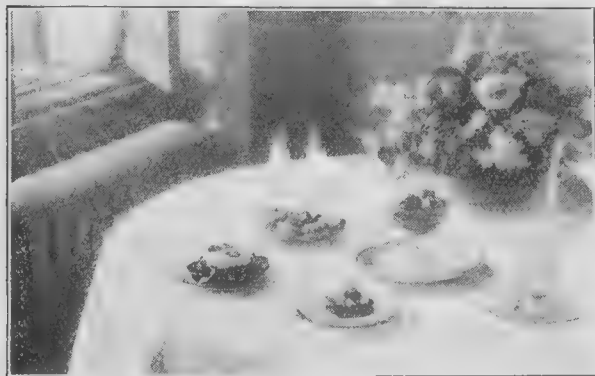
### Berry Puffs

Flour, 2 c.  
Baking powder, 4 t.  
Milk, 1 c.

Salt, ¼ t.  
Shortening, 2 tb.  
Berries, stewed or canned

Make a batter of the flour, baking powder, salt, shortening and milk. Put a tb. of the batter in each of the required

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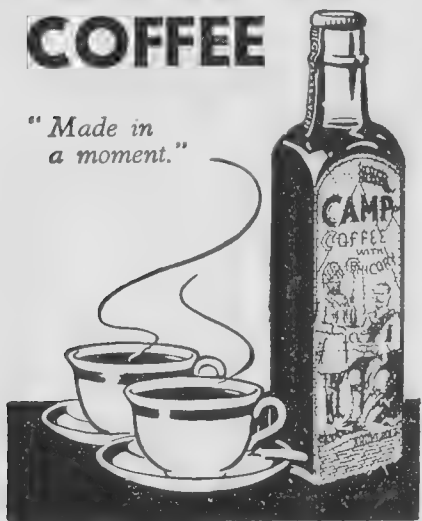


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number of custard cups. Then a tb. of the sweetened berries, and another tb. of the batter. Cover the cups with waxed or heavy buttered paper, and steam for 30 minutes. Turn out on plates, and serve with pudding sauce. Juicy fresh berries may be used, or such fruit as stewed rhubarb, apricots, etc. The sauce may be made of the berry juice.

### Fig Bread Pudding

Soften dried bread, crumbled, in 3 c. milk, add 2 well-beaten eggs, 1/3 c. sugar, 1/2 c. cooked dried figs, cut in pieces, 1 t. vanilla, 1/2 t. salt, and if wished 1/2 c. raisins and 1/4 c. walnut meats. Bake till firm in a moderate oven, about 50 to 60 minutes. Serve with cream.

### Chocolate Bread Pudding

Scalded milk, 3 c. Sugar, 1/2 c.  
Stale crumbs, 1 1/2 c. Chocolate, 1 1/2 squares  
Eggs, 2 or 3 Salt, 1/2 t.  
Vanilla 1 t.

Soak the bread, cut in tiny squares, in the scalded milk. Melt the chocolate, unsweetened, over hot water, add to the milk and bread with the sugar, salt, vanilla, and beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered bakedish, and bake till a silver knife comes out clean. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with cream.

### Pineapple Upside-Down Cake

Use a straight-sided pan, about eight inches in diameter and two and a half or three inches deep. Grease the bottom and sides, then melt in it 2 tb. butter and 1 c. brown sugar. On the bottom of the pan, arrange as many slices of canned pineapple as it will hold, using no more juice than necessary, then pour over it a plain cake batter, using:

Butter, 1/2 c. Sugar, 3/4 c.  
Eggs, 2 Milk, 3/4 c.  
Flour, 2 c. Baking powder, 2 t.  
Salt, 1/4 t.

Bake in a moderate oven, about 45 minutes. Serve warm, inverted on a large flat plate, which puts the pineapple on top. Whipped cream may be served with it.

### Barley Pudding

Pearl barley, 1/2 c. Milk, 3 or 4 c.  
Sugar, 1/2 c. Salt, 1/2 t.  
Nutmeg

Soak the barley overnight, in water to cover. Add to the milk, sugar, etc., using the water also. Cook in a buttered bakedish in a slow oven, for at least 3 hours, stirring occasionally to prevent the forming of a crust on top. Add a little more milk if needed. Serve either warm or cold, with rich milk or cream, if too thick.

### "Floating Island"

Make a soft custard, using 4 egg yolks and 2 whites to 3 c. milk. Pour into a large glass dish, or individual glasses. Make a meringue of 2 egg whites, beaten till they will form peaks, add 2 tb. sugar, and pile by spoonfuls on a dish of hot water. Set in a slow oven to brown. With a fork, carefully lift to the top of the custard, and chill thoroughly.

Custards of all kinds provide an excellent means of giving the family protein in the form of milk and eggs, particularly in the very hot weather, when hot foods, especially meat and fish, do not appeal. Most men like custard and pumpkin pies. The sugar may be caramelized. Chocolate may be added. Boiled custard may be poured over canned or fresh fruit, or a gelatin, or a baked or a steamed pudding. Or it may be frozen, with

[Continued on page 40]

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Who  
could tell  
that I once  
suffered from

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?

### NOW IT IS GONE FOR EVER

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growths of ugly, disfiguring hair. Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As a young wife of an officer in India, I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then, almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen signs of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe

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extra milk and cream, and used as ice cream. If baked, extra nourishment may be added in the form of stale cake crumbs, cooked rice or tapioca, etc. Fruit may be put in the bottoms of the custard cups, the custard mixture poured over them, then baked.

### Blueberry Betty

Soft crumbs, 2 c. Butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c.  
Blueberries, 2 or 3 c. Sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  c.  
Hot water, 3 tb. Hard sauce

Mix the crumbs with the melted butter, put in a buttered bakedish, in alternate layers with the berries, sprinkled with the sugar, having a layer of crumbs on top. Add the hot water. Cover and bake for 35 minutes, removing the cover the last 15 minutes, to brown the crumbs on top, serve warm with hard sauce.

### Pineapple Meringue Tart

Crushed pineapple, 2 c. Eggs, 2  
Cornstarch, 2 tb. Sugar

Moisten the cornstarch with a little of the pineapple juice. Add, with the beaten egg yolks, to the pineapple, and cook over hot water till thick, adding sugar to taste. Put in a baked pie shell, or tart shells, and cover with a meringue of the stiffly-beaten egg whites and 2 tb. of sugar.

### Strawberry Delight

Crushed strawberries, 1 c. Marshmallows, 2 c.  
Whipping cream, 1 c.

Cut the marshmallows into quarters, mix with the crushed berries, or use canned strawberries, drained. Chill. When nearly ready to serve, fold in the stiffly-whipped cream, and pile in sherbet glasses.

### Six-Layer Cake

Eggs, separated, 7 Flour, 1 c.  
Sugar, fruit, 1 c. Salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t.

Sift the flour before measuring, then sift with the salt four times. Beat the egg yolks till thick, then gradually add the sugar. If granulated sugar is used it should be sifted two or three times. Add the flour. Fold in the egg whites, beaten till they will stand in peaks. Put in six special shallow cake pans, lined with paper, and greased. Bake in a moderate oven about 8 minutes. Turn at once from the pans, and when cool, spread with any desired filling and frosting.

For this cake, a set of six very shallow layer-cake pans is required.

### Rhubarb Delicious

Cook  $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. rhubarb, cut in pieces, in 1 c. water till tender. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. sugar mixed with 1 tb. cornstarch, and cook 10 minutes. Add 1 tb. lemon juice when cool, and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 3 eggs. Serve with whipped cream, or custard sauce made of the egg yolks.

### Pineapple Sponge Cake

Bake a sponge cake in two layers. On one layer, spread 1 c. drained crushed pineapple. Spread with sweetened whipped cream. Put the second layer on top, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Use at once.

### Peach Rice Pudding

Line the bottom and sides of a mold with cooked rice. Fill the centre with sliced canned peaches, to which have been added 2 tb. sugar and 1 tb. butter. Cover with rice and steam 30 minutes, or bake in a pan of hot water. Cool, turn out on a dish, and serve with a sauce made of the peach syrup.



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Be sure and do this every morning for "It's the daily dose that takes off the fat."—Don't miss a morning. Kruschen daily means that every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

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Then his Mother tried Eagle Brand, and to everyone's astonishment Baby Jim ceased fretting and began to gain steadily. Grandfather now lays claim to his wonderful disposition—but his mother smiles quietly and remembers Eagle Brand.

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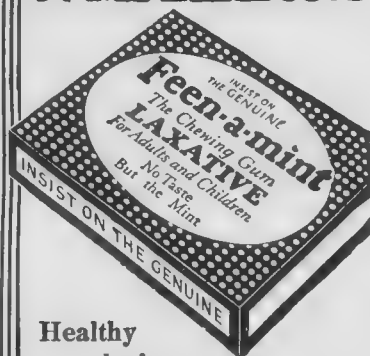
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## Equality of Justice for the Poor

Continued from page 4

In "good sentences, well pronounced," the judge is generously buttered for his ability to weigh evidence, and for his well-known kindness of heart—all with intent to sway his favor toward the accused. Unless His Lordship is entirely immune to flattery; has a keen eye for play-acting, and the power of stoutly steeling his spine in support of his judgement, like Israel of old, he is in imminent danger of being "gulped down."

In every judicial district it is well-recognized by the legal fraternity that certain kind-hearted judges are more distinctly amenable than others to these terrific and forceful onslaughts and, accordingly, in appeal, there is a delicate yet persistent manoeuvring to have cases brought before them.

There is nothing wrong about this either, in that private counsel is well paid for just this very thing and should undoubtedly give his client the utmost service. The point we urge is that, upon indictment the moneyless man, being unable to avail himself of such clever and caustic counsel is in a much less favorable position and, in consequence, may suffer a serious injustice."

... In a rare copy of the Magna Charta in the British Museum may be found these words: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or deny the right of justice."

This Written Word signed some seven centuries ago by John, the king, must under no circumstances be considered as so much dreary cant, or as merely a "fallible sheep's skin." For all time, this parchment with its venerable brownness must be held good, and be furthered by all true-seeming men. In other words, it must be preserved and cherished as the veritable soul of the law.

Our Canadian laws being based upon this Great Charter, the appointment of Public Defenders must prove a long step forward in precluding the sale or denial of justice to the impecunious citizen, whether this denial be intentional or unintentional.

THE women barristers of Eastern Canada are accordingly to be felicitated in their efforts to secure such a desirable service. They will probably succeed too, in that it is invariably a minority which creates changes—that is if their song be from the heart rather than from the throat.

They assuredly would succeed, and without delay if, like the judge or magistrate, our enchanted but often unserious social workers were obliged to give sentence in the case of the young girl found guilty of vagrancy or prostitution. They would know, perhaps for the first time, that the costs of her defence are being subscribed by the panderers and other unspeakable harpies—"Belial's elect," all of them—who sit in court ready to pay the girl's fine, and to take her out to earn and repay the money through the medium of speak-easies.

But there is no public defender for the girl; no man or woman to free her from the yoke of these evil ones who continue to batten and fatten upon her soul and body because, forsooth, they have become her pay-masters.

No, for the most part, the public are dead as brass to all of this . . . Assuredly, there is need of trumpeters here. Few, if any of us, seem to recognize that if we are to rescue and

[Continued on page 44]



## Better flavor

THERE'S something in these crisp, sun-brown flakes that tempts you—thrills you—teases you to taste their goodness. It's PEP—the glorious flavor that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have. Until you taste it you have no idea how delicious bran flakes can be.

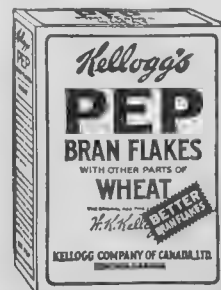


## Better health

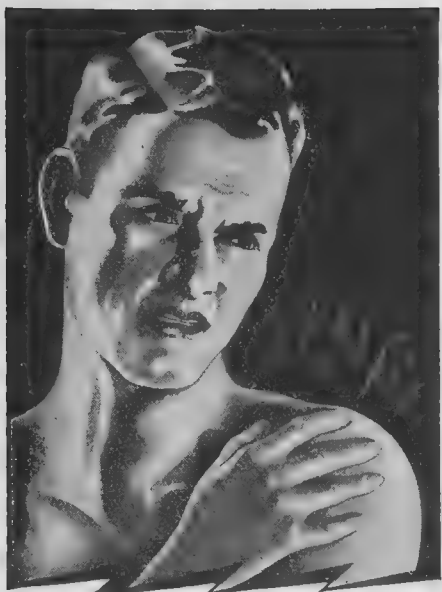
And Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are rich in healthfulness. Here's what you get in every serving. Whole wheat—for energy and nourishment. Bran—just enough to be mildly laxative. Delight the children with a heaping bowl of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. Enjoy them for lunch, for late evening suppers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

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You will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles are disappearing while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce jar of Othine is needed to clear away these ugly blotches and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

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## Forgiving and Forgetting War Debts

Continued from page 11

Russia has given much and received much of late which will find its way into the international scales.

RUSSIA has never to any extent handled the trade prizes of the Orient, but that situation may change definitely, and it constitutes the big fact among world statesmen and financiers beside which the mere matter of German and Allied war debts is a bagatelle. We hint that the trade stream may change perceptibly because of the improved geographic and political position of this paradoxical Topsy-Turvy Land. The Bolsheviks have completed a new north-south railroad costing some \$100,000,000, leading north 1700 miles from near Samarkand, Turkestan, close to the Khyber Pass, The Punjab, India, to Novosibirsk, between Omsk and Tomsk, and there joining the great trans-Siberian Railway system. Treaties have been signed since the war between Russia on the one hand and Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan on the other; and the neighborly understanding between Russia and India and Russia and China presents the opportunity for hauling a great quantity of tea, rice, spices, tapestries and rugs, rubber, oil, minerals, precious stones and cotton into Europe by rail instead of water.

The water haul, previously done mainly in English bottoms, through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean Sea, has always been much cheaper; but this handicap might be largely overcome, since there is no watered stock in the Russian railroads operated at a minimum of cost by the Soviet Government. It will be comprehended immediately by the intelligent reader what effect such a diversion might have on water-borne commerce and what increasing importance it would lend to Russian affairs.

However, there is no tangible evidence as yet that Russia covets this advantage; and in general there is probably much less to fear from the awakening of the bear than people who have special interests to protect would suppose. The close student must come to the conclusion that no matter what flows out of Russia as a precept or example, the big job of the Bolsheviks will not be foreign conquest in war or trade, but a proper ordering of the native soil and life. Indeed, the indications so far show that Russia will be fairly content, for a good many years at least, to improve the lot of her own people, to bring Siberia within her economic control and to defend her own fireside from external aggression.

In Russia's broad expanse may be found every degree of climate and every item of flora and fauna except the tropical. Russia grows and raises practically everything that is produced by the rest of the world, including cotton. As Chief Commissar Stalin expressed it in a recent speech to his lieutenants, "We have everything except rubber and in two years we shall be able to produce rubber as well." On May 7, within a few weeks after Stalin had made that statement, the Canadian Press announced that the Russians had produced half a metric ton of synthetic rubber by a secret process from oil. Since the Bolsheviks do not believe in secrets, this process will probably be published when perfected. In fact, we may anticipate that a great many things in nature and science will be made public property in consonance with the ideals of the Five-Year Plan. All of these

matters bear on war debts, as will soon be apparent.

WHAT do the Russians owe good-natured Uncle Sam, as Former President Coolidge has chosen to call him? Too many figures might tire the reader who, like the writer, has been unaccustomed to calculating above millions. But since the Bolsheviks have raised the ante for the English and American plutocrats who want to see their hand, to the extent of backing their New Economic Policy with \$43,000,000,000, we proceed.

The World Almanac renders this accounting of what was owed the United States by the Bolsheviks or the Czarist regime up to 1926, when the count ceased:

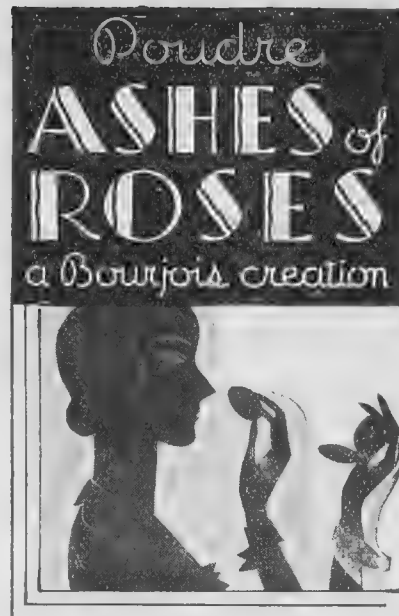
|                                                    |               |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Confiscated American property.....                 | \$400,000,000 |
| Liberty Bond funds furnished Keren-sky regime..... | 187,729,750   |
| Interest on loans to 1925.....                     | 68,390,105    |
| Private bankers' unsecured loans....               | 75,000,000    |
| Relief supplies.....                               | 4,465,465     |
| War material.....                                  | 406,082       |
| Total.....                                         | \$735,991,402 |

The financial paper known as *The Business Week* (New York) says the Bolsheviks are gradually paying this war debt by padding contracts issued to United States concerns; but the Soviets have never formally recognized the obligation. This publication also volunteers the enlightening information that the Bolsheviks have advanced from the financial status of soap-box philosophers to the point where they maintain an average balance of \$50,000,000 in a certain New York bank. More goose eggs again!

The problem of all these vast war debts is made simple by reciting an incident of boyhood days. The first boy, who was improvident, borrowed a dime from the second boy, who could ill afford it. When the time of repayment passed, with no repayment, the second boy borrowed a dime from the third boy, who was forehanded. When the third boy went to collect from the second boy, he was told that he would be paid when the first boy paid. The second boy proposed that he be let out of the obligation: No. 3 should just collect from No. 1. But No. 3 did not know No. 1 so well, and insisted that No. 2 stand by his debt.

No. 1 in this analogy may represent Germany at one point of the triangle, No. 3 can represent Uncle Sam at the other point, and No. 2 the Allies in the right-angle position, who would like to forgive and be forgiven. The other principal actor or performer in this drama, as observed at the beginning, is the Bolshevik Bear, who is working without the plaguing worries of debt, and also getting three square meals a day, and sound sleep at night.

UNCLE SAM'S agile understudy is Mr. Owen D. Young, who has been named above as a man with electricity and radios to sell; he is also prominently mentioned for President of the United States on the Democratic ticket in 1932. The nub of the Young Plan is the recently created Bank for International Settlements, established in 1929 at Basle, Switzerland, after the Socialistic Basle City Council's refusal to grant a charter for 15 years had been overruled by the Central Government at Berne; 15 years, evidently, was a sufficient tenure for the accomplishment of the purposes of Bisbank and the onlooking and somewhat perturbed international bankers. [Continued on page 43]



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loveliness that is without a  
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# Forgiving and Forgetting War Debts

Continued from page 42

Bisbank is a refined substitute for armed force held over Germany and the abortive *cordon sanitaire* which the Allies set up in 1919-20 for the proper guidance of "Old Boots and Whiskers." Its capital stock of \$100,000,000 (pardon the additional doughnuts!) was subscribed promptly by interested private banking groups in the Allied countries, Germany and the United States, although China, South America, Russia and Turkey held aloof. The United States Government has no interest in this super-organization, except the interests of certain of its citizens, and the plan is for the bankers to unload small blocks of the stock in all the countries, whose citizens will thus be concerned that Germany should pay and that the Bolsheviki should keep within reasonable bounds.

Bisbank enjoys powers far beyond those of the United States Bank which President Andrew Jackson put out of business in the thirties; it can advance money to finance the Roumanian wheat crop, to prop up the Government of Poland, or the little buffer countries of the Baltic; or to stem nearly any unauthorized Bolsheviki tide. There will be no tangible military force to carry out its program, unless the French should so far forget themselves as to take up arms; the Almighty Dollar, moral suasion and the Robots of the Machine Age are counted upon to do the work.

Mr. Young and his coadjutors are enthusiastic over the prospects. Despite the debacle in investments on the American side of the Atlantic, culminating in the 1929 New York Stock Crash, the projectors are confident that the small investors will draw dividends and that their principal will remain unimpaired. One of the joys of life in this old world is the privilege of disagreeing in matters of opinion and fact, and so the conclusion of many others will be that this Bisbank show will be just another attempt to extract a pink-eyed white rabbit from a silk hat.

A single authoritative expression may be used to convey this contrary view. Frank H. Simonds, the astute commentator on world affairs, who usually subordinates economic prob-

lems to the political and the military, wrote this after last fall's shower of Hitler votes in favor of scrapping the Treaty of Versailles:

"German demands for liberty of action . . . naturally awaken little enthusiasm in Britain or France. Moreover, Britain, quite as much as France, will be financially disturbed if Germany fails to pay reparations."

That paragraph says a great deal in a diplomatic way. An elaboration of it would probably add that the repudiationist movement may grow beyond the Republican ability to control it, a *coup d'etat* instal a new regime and the Treaty of Versailles be relegated to the waste basket so far as Germany is concerned.

The prophet is unpopular unless he can predict fair weather. No one realizes that more than Mr. Simonds, but a wise people will not despise a glimpse of the future from the watch-tower which may provide a better view than their own. The signals on the lookout station indicate that repudiation action will precede that of general cancellation: France, then Germany, Poland, Russia, Italy and the Balkan nations, will mobilize; England will offer friendly intervention, and to quiet the European family Uncle Sam will forgive the war debts. The alternative signals indicate that general strikes of industrial workers will accompany any such mobilization moves, or may proceed independently. In the Orient a new deal from the West may be expected.

The possibilities just ahead are tremendous, but the world has weathered many a storm, and can survive more. History tells us that every age has passed through a crisis which seemed at the time to be as great, and in which politicians and business leaders yelled "Ruin, ruin!" The comforting thought in this connection is that our present civilization is perhaps relatively better equipped to withstand shock than any other; and in the language of the Greek philosopher, nothing is to be feared save fear. Both from the pyrotechnic standpoint and the ultimate results, moreover, the spectacle is such as no people in the long trek of mankind have been privileged to see.

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Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railways  
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## The Moreland Complex

Continued from page 21

bad under the shoulder. Saul got it through the neck. They've riddled the whole t'other side o' the house to splinters! They're a callin' for you." "They'll get all they want of me!" snapped Wade, going pale.

He turned and ran up the rough stairway, and Ben Littleford and the Morelands followed close upon his heels. At the window of the big office room, behind anything they had been able to find that would stop a bullet, knelt Littlefords, with rifles in their hands, patiently watching for a human target on the mountainside above. Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner in the rear end of the room, where they were fairly safe from chance bullets. Hayes had bound up their wounds as well as he could with the material at hand. They were

both white and helpless and suffering, but they were still full of spirit.

Wade seized his Winchester and a belt of cartridges, and turned to the others. A bullet crashed through the planking and struck the floor at his foot; he paid no attention to it.

"Listen to me, boys." He was buckling on his cartridge belt with rapid, steady fingers. "From where they are hiding, the Ball outfit can hardly see the lower story of the building. We'll go downstairs, open the front door, and run to the edge of the laurels at the foot of the mountain. There we'll turn to the right, make a wide detour, and get above the Ball outfit; then we'll be fighting downhill instead of uphill. Get me? Are you ready?"

(To be concluded next month)

## Equality of Justice for the Poor

Continued from page 41

restore the girl, she must be treated quite otherwise than by the imposition of costs and fines. If you would see the indictment of this thing infernal, look around.

... Like the criminal laws of Canada, those of the United States are also based upon the Magna Charta. In recognition of this fact, the International Magna Charta Day Association has been formed and set apart as "Liberty Day" when, once a year, the seven English-speaking nations may consider the necessity of their standing together to uphold the principles set forth in the Great Charter. The seven nations specified are the British Isles, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Newfoundland and the United States of America.

In Scotland, under the statute known as the *Poor People's Defence Act*, provision is made whereby civil action also may be taken in *forma pauperis* when the duly appointed barristers have decided that there is "probable cause of action." Their decision being favorably reviewed by a judge, a fiat is issued giving authority to sue. Counsel on these cases receive three guineas as remuneration during the first three years of practice at the bar, and six guineas thereafter. In the event of money being recovered, the Crown is reimbursed therefrom for its expenses. In criminal cases, two defenders are provided for the accused.

The jealous and impecunious journalists who dub these barristers as "guinea pigs" should forever be forced to plead their own cases.

Last year, in England, a *Poor People's Defence Act* also came into effect which deals with both civil and criminal cases.

In foreign countries, particularly in the Nordic areas, they have established Courts of Conciliation where, without cost, the citizens must come and have their troubles threshed out before being permitted to bring these to courts. These Nordic courts seem, however, to deal more particularly with civil actions and with the difficulties which arise as between husband and wife.

THE matter of these Courts of Conciliation, as they relate to the property rights of women, was closely studied for two years by a committee of seven men and women in the province of Alberta. In our report to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, we unanimously recommended the

establishment of such courts under the administration of the Department of the Attorney-General, and are hopeful that this may ultimately come about, in that a friendly arbitration is vastly preferable to litigation with all its costly contingencies and subsequent acrid candour, especially where the litigants are members of the same household.

... In the United States of America, Public Defenders must have been attorneys of five years standing. They are appointed for the different counties by the judges of the Supreme Court in June of each year. The judges frame all regulations for the conduct of the office. It is provided as well that the presiding judge in any case may appoint another attorney if there is reason why any public defender cannot, or should not represent a particular accused.

It is also provided that while the public defender must fully protect the interests of his client, he must never lend himself to the obstruction of justice. In the case of minors or first offenders, whenever possible, he is expected to co-operate with the judge, the state prosecutor and the probation officer in the re-adjustment of these offenders so that they may have a chance to become good citizens. It has been demonstrated that since 1917 when the Public Defender Act became a law in the State of Connecticut, this happy combination of endeavor has usually produced the desired result.

It also has been demonstrated that the employment of the Public Defender has, without prejudicing the interests of the accused, very greatly lessened expense to the State in that there are fewer appeals and motions to quash.

Incidentally, this course has destroyed much of the opposition made by lawyers to the reform of criminal procedure. This opposition, it is claimed, arose largely out of the fear that these reforms would limit their field of practice.

This may be true to a certain extent, but not generally. Our criminal laws and criminal procedure through the centuries, have been framed by lawyers of the highest intelligence and integrity and, in our own time, there may be found men of equal status who are ready—yea, eager—to amend any abuse or error, however flagrant, which may have crept in.

IN CANADA we have reason for pride because of our impartial tribunals where justice is well and truly [Continued on page 45]

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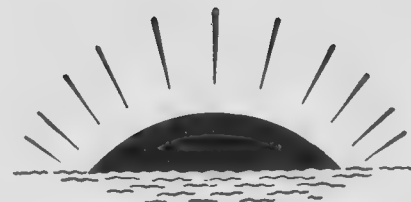
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This darling of the New York stage, who is now appearing in Universal Pictures' sensation "Seed," is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 105 lbs., and has reddish gold hair and green eyes. See below.

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\*Genevieve Tobin

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### [REMEMBER]

WHEN WRITING THE ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

## Equality of Justice for the Poor

Continued from page 44

administered by men who hold their positions for life except under impeachment for improper conduct. But yet, in our desire to protect the accused and to practice an even-handed justice, there has come about through appeals a grievous condition of delayed enforcement which permits of many guilty persons escaping punishment.

These delays also allow the defence to take advantage of the prosecution by various expedients such as tampering with the witnesses or getting them out of the country. The defence have always the hope too that after the lapse of several months, a crown witness may become uncertain upon some salient point in the case. In this respect it is often truly amazing how easily a witness may and does forget.

It also happens that when appeals are prolonged unreasonably, an inconvenience and a great expense are involved to those who are "bound over" to appear. Besides this, a considerable amount of new evidence may be adduced thus actually making the "appeal" to become a new case or, in our mysterious legal phraseology, a trial *de novo*.

In many instances, these appeals are frequently frivolous, and are taken for the purpose of delay, or that the decisions of the lower court may be reversed on some slight technicality, in spite of the curative clauses set forth in the Criminal Code. The result is a miscarriage of justice and a consequent increase in crime.

Referring to this abuse, Mr. MacDonald of Pictou, in the House of Commons, in April, 1923, is reported by *Hansard* as saying: "I am instructed that in the City of Montreal, out of sixty-eight appeals that were taken during the past six months, forty of the appellants, when the cases came to be heard on appeal, never turned up, which indicates that the parties who were appealing had put up the necessary security merely for the purpose of gaining time and evading the penalties which the law had provided, and were willing to pay the money in order to escape."

It was a similar but even a more grievous record which recently led Mr. Richard Strout to declare that under the legal devices of today, figures go to show 34 of Ali Baba's 40 thieves would escape conviction and punishment.

Of course, it may be true that some Departments of Justice prefer the estreating of bail rather than the expense of maintaining prisoners, but this does not palliate the abuse. If money be preferable in these cases, then the imposition of imprisonment should be entirely abolished. It must never be said of Canadians, as centuries ago it was said of Israel, "They make to betray when they ratify bonds." Neither must it be thought or said that appeals are the one admitted aim and end of Canadian law.

Be this as it may, a change of procedure is overdue, and if the appointment of Public Defenders in any way lessens this multiplicity of appeals, by all means let us have them. In this connection, it might be recalled that until a quarter of a century ago there were no Courts of Appeal in England and, even at the present time, appeal is not a matter of right and can only be made when the trial court thinks the merits of the case are involved.



House Plan  
School  
for Boys

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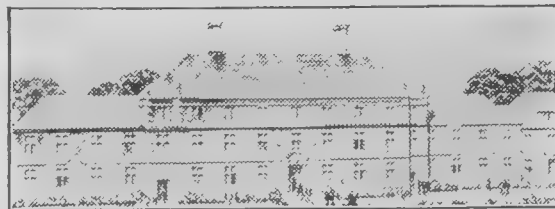
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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER



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## KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT DATE

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



## Trees

(This lovely poem by one of our best loved Canadian poets was sent in by Jessie H. Jackman of Irma, Alta. A gold button goes to Jessie and we hope she will enjoy wearing it.)

## Trees

In the garden of Eden, planted by God,  
There are goodly trees in the springing sod—  
Trees of beauty and height and grace,  
To stand in splendor before his face.  
Apple and hickory, ash and pear,  
Oak, and beech and the tulip rare.  
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,  
The weeping elm by the river line;  
Trees for the birds to build in and sing.  
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;  
Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for the Lord's foot-fall;  
Trees for fruitage and fire and shade;  
Trees for the cunning builder's trade.  
Wood for the bow, the spear and the flail,  
The keel, the mast, and the daring sail;  
He made them of every grain and girth,  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.  
Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,  
On the crown of the hill for all to see,  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—Bliss Carman.



Alice Janet McColl of Robsart,  
Saskatchewan.

## Our Competitions

Don't forget the SONGS OF SUMMER as described in the June number in the C.C.C. There will be prizes for the best collection of songs. And don't forget also that they change every little while these songs, new insects come to life, and even the bird songs change.



Myrtle and Ruby Williams of  
Lanfine, Alberta.

## Things to Take on a Picnic

This will interest the girls and the boys—the girls because they have to think of things, and the boys because they have to eat them. People get a little tired of sandwiches at picnics, and there is no reason why anyone should have to stick to sandwiches. Try a few of these things at your next picnic and see how good they taste. Cream little new potatoes by boiling them and then pouring over them a cream sauce, with parsley sprinkled in it. Put them into a small tin pail, or an old covered saucepan and carry them this way and then when your fire is lit, stand them on the hot stones, or right over the fire for



By Bobby Burke

a little while and how quickly they will be gobbled up. Then you might make a salmon loaf to eat with these. Take a large tin of salmon, separate it carefully, and mix it with two cups of rolled cracker crumbs, two eggs, and a quarter of a cup of milk, a pinch of salt, mould into a bowl and steam for half an hour. This sliced cold is delicious and so easy to make. If you don't want to take the potatoes have a salad with this and be sure to take your lettuce wrapped in a wet cloth, and your tomatoes, etc. uncut, and make your salad at the picnic grounds, so it will be crisp and nice.

If it's a chilly sort of day take sausages with you and fry them on the spot, and pop them between split rolls like hot dogs, they are so good. And when the picnic is over don't forget to PUT OUT YOUR FIRE—

## Take Care

All of you Cornerites, whether you live in town, country or city, know what Forest fires have done to our country this year. Dry grass, dry moss, dry trees, a careless match, a spark from an engine, a careless picnic fire, and a forest that has been a home for animals, a cathedral for birds, a shade, shelter and beauty for humans, a forest that has taken years to grow is soon a blackened mass of stumps and ashes. What a sad sight is a burned wood, ruin, desolation and death where once were green-ness, bird song and sweet scents. Could you ever forgive yourself if carelessness of yours was the cause of such ruin? Will you not, every Cornerite, pledge yourselves this summer to see, no matter where you are, that all fires are put out, covered with sand or doused with water, and that no creeping spark lies under the moss or leaves ready to be fanned to flame. This is a good deed for which your country will always be grateful.

## Rachel's Dream Fairies

(An original story by Gladys Evelyn Latimer of Boissevain, Man. Here is a gold button for you, Gladys, and good luck to you!)

## Rachel's Dream Fairies

"Ah jest wonda if der is little negro fairies same as der is white ones," said Rachel, as she sat before the fire place down in Kentucky. "I don't see why der couldn't be.

But Rachel did not have to wonder long for, as if it came from the flames, a tiny black creature dressed in white with pretty little wings flew upon her knee.

"I thought I'd remind you that there are colored fairies the same as white," said the little creature quite indignantly.

He soon conquered his little temper however, and asked Rachel quite politely if she would like to join their frolics every Friday night at twelve P.M.

All she had to do was to go to the big wooden gate near her own place and

before her she would see a little golden lock in the shape of a heart. If she said these words it would open up and let her through. "Golden Heart so true, so kind; open up if you don't mind."

When the gate swung open, on the right side as she went in would be a small green leaf with a drop of silver dew on it; also a small rose cup with a tiny piece of fairy bread in it. If she drank the dew and ate the bread she would be a fairy for the rest of the night, until she stepped on the opposite side of the wooden gate.

After telling her this the little creature vanished into the flames again.

Rachel could hardly wait until Friday night. When it came she dressed in her Sunday clothes and waited for twelve o'clock.

When the clock struck twelve Rachel tripped through the hall and down the garden path, until she came to the wooden gate. She said the words: "Golden gate so true, so kind; open up if you don't mind." The gate swung softly open, Rachel drank the dew and ate the bread.

Before she knew it she was with the rest of the fairies dancing around the fairy queen sitting on a throne of gold trimmed with diamonds.

After that they played hide-and-seek in the lilies and tulips.

When they finished playing they had lunch, drinking from hollowed rose buds and eating from rose petals. Every fairy started for home when lunch was over, all telling Rachel to come next Friday.

When Rachel came to the big wooden gate and got softly through she heard a voice saying, "Rachel, dear, wake up, you have fallen asleep." So Rachel found that her fairies were "Dream Fairies."

THE BARON (to applicant for position of assistant torturer): "Have you had any experience?"

APPLICANT: "Oh yes, my lord—for the last four years I worked with a dentist."

—Passing Show.

## Simple Arithmetic

MASTER: "If nine men can reap a field of wheat in two days, can anyone tell me how long it would take thirteen men to reap the same field?"

SMITH: "Please sir, if the field were reaped by the nine men, it couldn't be reaped again by the thirteen."—*Meccano Magazine*.

## Something Received

Delightful letters from Sylvia Hepburn, of Alcondale, Alta., who was one of the fortunate winners in the Hospital Letter competition. Sylvia sends us a story which will appear later on in the season, and this will add a gold star to her newly acquired button.

Bertha Hemp of Saskatoon and Doreen Assmus of Swift Current are both delighted, one with her gold button, and the other with the star she has acquired for

hers. Nettie Nickel of Main Centre, Sask., has written us a nice little letter, and we are sure she would like some of the Cornerites to write her. Gold buttons, Nettie, are only sent to those who are fortunate enough to win them in some competition in the Corner. Try one and see if you can't win. The little verses I am afraid are not quite good enough for our Corner, but go on reading poetry and writing and perhaps some day we will be able to publish a verse you have written.

Doreen Anderson of 186 Woodhaven Blvd, Sturgeon Creek, has sent us some "Favorite Verses" and I hope we will be able to publish them later on, Doreen. Watch the Corner for them in the early winter. Doreen has a new bicycle. Isn't she lucky?

Alice Blanke, of Wymark, Sask., is delighted with her gold button. Alice wrote us a nice little story and as she and her parents were in Germany six years ago Alice has offered to tell us about her visit. I hope she will. Alice, who is eleven, would like some one her own age to write to her.



Three Pets.

This picture was sent in by Emma C. Rosenkranz of Carmangay, Alberta.

## HOWLERS!

Some "Howlers" from recent examination papers. I am sure no Cornerite ever makes such mistakes.

All the men who joined in the '45 rebellion were over 45 years old, and this is why it had such a curious name.

An oasis is a man who rides a camel.

Aden is a watering place.

A llama is something like a camel. It lays eggs.

This is a distinct or dead crater.

The punkah is an animal which can climb to a great height.

If the compass is magnified it will spin round and round.

In the Congo forests there are many nearly extinct natives.

The oasis, if it is not a very large one, may simply fade away.

The importance of New York. It is easy to get over to England from it.



Alice and Harold Hunter of  
Hazenmore, Saskatchewan.

## MY GARDEN

By Elizabeth Auvaiche

I have a little garden  
Tis wonderful to me;  
It isn't growing very well,  
Not just as it should be.

I planted daisies, poppies bright,  
And gay nasturtiums too,  
And pansies which I love the most,  
With faces soft and blue.

After I'd planted all the seeds,  
I had no way of knowing,  
And so I dug them up  
To see if they were growing.



Rosiena Schliemann (marked X) of  
Rabbit Lake, Saskatchewan, with her  
cousin and two pet calves.



Margaret McLean of 1820-12th Ave.  
W., Calgary, and some of her  
chickens.



# Midsummer Modes

# Direct from Paris

Engravings by  
Stovel Company Limited,  
Winnipeg

## CREATIONS LENIEF

Dress of red silk, with very original cut outs in broken lines. The bodice is draped. Collar of white Georgette. Dress for young girl in white pique, trimmed with pockets. Belt of white gros grain, embroidered at the front with a little red and white boat. Scarf in roman striped silk, with fringes.

## CREATIONS PHILIPPE ET GASTON

Very smart coat in green woollen material, trimmed with cut outs. Sleeves with triple cuffs. Ensemble in black and fancy woollen material. The dress has white threads running through it. The coat is trimmed with very original pockets.

## CREATIONS JANE REGNY

Charming pyjama in printed crepe de chine. The little bolero opens on a vest of green crepe de chine, fitting snugly and with a very wide girdle draped around the waist and knotted at the side.







## CREATIONS AUGSTABERNARD

Very charming dress in green crepe, remain pleated and trimmed with very fine pleating. Belt of circ in black.

Dress in jonquil chiffon, printed in white, pink and coral. Twisted sash.

Dress in ivory crepe. Belt and armhole trimmed with a twist of green and yellow.

## CREATIONS JEAN PATOU

Very smart evening dress in flowered chiffon, basque effect bodice. Dress in opal green, with very graceful little flounces. A bunch of roses at the front.

Dress in flowered chiffon, with a bodice draped in form of cape.

CREATIONS COMPANIE  
DES INDES

Very dressy evening dress in silk lace. The skirt is very full. Sleeves of the "wing" style very graceful and original.





## Mid-Summer Styles from Paris

By Suzanne Dickie

FASHION is like a garden where from the beginning of spring flowers bloom one by one to reach, when mid-summer comes, a culmination of beauty. Modelists, like careful gardeners design gowns to suit the advancing days of the season, thus re-creating the work of nature and adorning the world with bloom-like women.

The over-complicated manner of the very near past has given place to a greater simplicity, which is in itself the everlasting "chic" of Paris styles. "Personality in Simplicity" is the slogan of the very well gowned woman.

The House of Chanel, whose collection is always awaited with curiosity and great interest, has not brought any changes in the lines of his creations for mid-summer. His tailored suits made of fine woollens (of his manufacturing) as well as his sports coats are all trimmed with new eyelet all-over embroidery material that the French call "broderie anglaise." The introduction of this new medium is generally in form of bands trimming the bottom of coats, and also on cuffs and collars.

The "redingote" style of coat is very much seen in this collection. The material used is usually of very light shade and the collars, cuffs and lapels are of printed crepe de chine. The dress worn is also of the same crepe.

That same collection showed also some very smart crepe de chine dresses done up at the back, with sleeves of the Henry II period, shirred all the way down. Lace dresses for evening, mixed with black chiffon are very appropriate to the warm season. Some had wings of the same material fastened at the shoulders and going all the way down to the floor.

Coarse lace in varied colors is also used, made up with the basque effect. The latter is well fitted over the hips, and goes down at the back in two long ends to the bottom of the skirt. The front is very short.

The slit skirt which appeared timidly at the beginning of the season is taking a much stronger hold. Many collections showed several of them slit generously up to the knee. These gowns, evening ones, were made very full. Others were open onto a tunic which was slightly narrower and shorter.

The sport coats are full of character this season. Their lapels are very large, and the collars are also very voluminous with a Directoire tendency. The sleeves, which are narrow at the top, are wider at the elbow, affecting a cornet shape line.

The dressy tailored suits are often made of black crepe de chine in very heavy weight. The jacket is finished usually with little shaped frills. One which was very much noticed was of black crepe embroidered in fine black silk. It was worn with a vest of fine lawn, beautifully embroidered.

Among the dressy coats, one which was very much admired was of black silk edged with ermine fur, another was also of black silk with a collar of white Persian lamb trimmed with white stitchings.

THE materials employed this season are for the most part crepe de chine in heavy quality. The printed kind has lost considerable of its popularity, no doubt because it was seen for so many seasons past. Lace in black, white, and in colors is almost universal for summer evening and

afternoon dresses. Printed chiffon in rather shadowy designs is still a favorite for the less formal evening gowns. Jersey still holds its ground in a varied number of patterns and weaves. It is so soft, so clinging, that no other material quite replaces it.

For sport dresses this is without a doubt a wool season. We see woollen materials used everywhere, where formerly silk mediums were employed.

A new note on evening dresses is the belts made of a twist of two materials of different shades. The same twist is found around the neck opening, and outlines the arm hole.

Metal belts are seen again for evening, particularly the ones made of silver scales.

ACCESSORIES are still playing a very important part in the fashion of this summer. Jewelry of many kinds is being worn both with evening and day dresses. Cora', which had been neglected for so long, has reappeared in all its pink glory. With a white gown a set of coral jewels is the smartest of notes. Necklaces, bracelets, belt buckles, etc., are all wearable. A shoulder bouquet of coral flowers is also very pretty worn with a girdle lined with coral silk.

A very up-to-date combination, in the way of accessories, was composed of five pieces made of woven metal jersey either in silver or steel, the latter in green, pink or yellow. Two pieces composed the hat. One was a funny little skull cap such as choir boys wear. The other was a long piece which could be twisted as a turban around the cap. The other three were two tube-shape bracelets, wide enough to make a finish to any sleeve, and at last a sort of necklace to be worn around the neck opening of the dress. This set was very original and brightened up wonderfully a sport dress in plain woollen material, or a simple little plain crepe dress for afternoon wear.

The new mid-summer millinery is evenly divided between very tiny little hats and very broad capelines made of all kinds of soft straws, among which the Leghorn plays no small part. Suzanne Talbot has shown some very wonderful models which have revived, with modifications, many themes of the past. One very large hat was very narrow in the brim both back and front, all the width being kept for the sides. The trimming, which consisted of two very tiny lacquered flowers, was put right at the front. The straw was white hemp with narrow gros grain bands. Another return in our midst is the long-neglected sailor. A few models appeared very timidly at the beginning of last season, but with no great success; it seems however that this summer will see a much more complete revival. The new sailors have a very shallow crown. They are mostly made of heavy straw, and in many cases have a buttoned oil-cloth band. Patou has adopted this style, as well as other wide-brim shapes. Another of his creations was of black Milan straw with wide side-droop, and fluted white tulle combined with straw to make the under-brim trimming and the crown band. The same house has also conserved the "cloche" shape, so becoming to many. One which was particularly amusing was of white charmeuse silk, and was mixed with felt and straw. It had two-colored ribbon banding.

## EVERY DAY

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### Religion and Morality

THE Philosopher wandered one evening recently into a building in which an assemblage was being addressed by a speaker who, as far as could be made out from his utterances, which were more vehement than logically coherent, was denouncing all religious creeds. He declared his belief in the saying of Nietzsche that the orthodox religion of the present time is a system of "slave morality," designed to keep the weak in submission to the strong. He proclaimed that he was independent and did his own thinking. He announced that every person should govern his conduct by reason and common sense. After a while, The Philosopher wandered out again, thinking over what he had heard. The conclusion he arrived at was that if the speaker he had been listening to were to guide his conduct truly by reason and common sense, he would, for one thing, not indulge in such speech-making, and he would live so just, temperate, charitable and righteous a life that when he came to die he would deserve to be mourned as a good man by all religious and moral people who had known him.

### First Love

NO MAN or woman whose heart has anything of the freshness of youth left in it will listen willingly to ridicule of young love by people who for all their self-sufficient confidence that they know the world are without understanding of the realities of life. To such people life sooner or later becomes like ashes in the mouth. A young man and a girl who love each other truly with first love have something of unique preciousness. It can come only once in a lifetime. It is never mercenary, calculating, selfish. It is ennobling, purifying, inspiring. Even if their lives carry them apart, and their young love becomes only a memory, it will be a memory they will treasure in the innermost secret place of their hearts. A later true love may, in time, take its place and bring the richest experience life has to offer. But first love can never be forgotten.

### Self-Respect

YOUNG people who have character feel deeply that one can have nothing more valuable than one's self-respect. It is the foundation of every successful and happy marriage. In all other human relations it is no less important. If husband and wife forget self-respect in word and action, whether in angry quarreling or in any other way, each feels ashamed afterwards before the other and a scar is left on their love. In less intimate relations than marriage, the sharing of anything dishonorable puts an end to the feeling of true comradeship. A person never forgives himself for having destroyed his own self-respect, and he never forgives another person who has helped him destroy it. There is no treasure to be cherished more carefully than self-respect.

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## THE Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

Bannatyne and Dagmar

MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR      \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS  
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

### On Being a Helpful Hannah

EVERY wise person knows that oftener than not one of the surest ways of incurring dislike is to criticize anybody for some little mannerisms or peculiarity of speech. It is remarkable how often a person who mispronounces a word, or it may be a name, will introduce his pet mispronunciations in conversation. There is another kind of person who habitually relates some important incident with several of the most important details all wrong. But the wise person learns by experience that if in all kindness he offers criticism and correction, he will most probably be sorry for having tried to be a Helpful Hannah. There are people with so exaggerated a sense of their own dignity and importance that one of them would glare at you resentfully if you dared to tell him there was a particle of egg on his chin, or if you had the insufferable presumption to venture to inform her of a smudge on her nose.

### Anger and Fear and Fat

AN ARTICLE, reprinted in one of the Winnipeg newspapers from the London Times, tells of experiments which have shown that both anger and fear have the effect of destroying fatty tissue and so reducing weight. They have other effects on the body, some of which are seriously injurious, so that giving way to either anger or fear is not to be advised for people who find themselves becoming too plump and desire to become slender. But those experiments are interesting as furnishing more proof of the effect of thinking and emotion on the body. It would not be true to say that happiness is physical, but there is a great deal of truth in saying that no person in perfect health can be unhappy very long. You may have no financial or other worries, but if your liver and gall sac are on strike, you cannot be happy. On the other hand, you may have sorrows and troubles, but if your physical machinery is hitting on all cylinders you can sing or whistle at your work.

### Eloquence and Sincerity

WHILE listening recently to an eloquent address by a speaker who quite evidently was not unaware of his magic of voice and personal charm, The Philosopher found himself wondering if ever there was a wholly sincere man who was an orator. There is something about the art of eloquence that is injurious to sincerity. A pulpit orator who has more eloquence than religion can furnish good entertainment, but he likes himself too much, and he will eventually do more harm than good. The same thing is true of the same kind of politician. Ability to speak in public clearly and effectively, provided it has back of it sincerity and earnestness and the necessary knowledge and understanding, is the only eloquence that is valuable and worthy of admiration. A man capable of that kind of eloquence is a citizen who can give real service to the general welfare and progress. Such eloquence is all too rare in any community.



# Advertising and Buying.

Mary E. McLean

Successful salesmen everywhere know that buyers must have some guarantee, some way of knowing what they are paying for. Until a generation ago people bought what they needed from the farmer or dressmaker or carpenter in the same community. They knew the man, the quality of his goods and his workmanship. A dishonest workman had small chance among people who had known him all their lives. An unknown product or merchant was always distrusted. The peddler who sold his wares and disappeared, though, people were tempted by novelty or face. Sometimes, only to find they had been cheated. cheapness and bought, only to find they had been replaced by our huge factories with their tremendous output, the personal link between manufacturer and buyer has been lost. Advertising has taken its place, and fulfills the same functions. Advertising has made the producer's promise that his goods are the best he can make.

It is sometimes thought that because the object of advertising is to increase sales it cannot be honest and sincere. The reverse is true. If the product does not live up to its promises publicity only brings out its defects more sharply. Inferior merchandise is better without advertising. Every manufacturer before beginning an expensive advertising campaign knows that only the best can withstand the possible standard, knowing that only the best can withstand the scrutiny and competition of publicity. His aim is not to persuade people to buy his goods once but to make life-long customers. Sales immediately reflect the fact that an article is not equal to its claims.

Unadvertised and unknown brands may be as good, but there is no certainty that they are. So often they are not that all unbranded articles suffer from the bad company they keep. Only a connoisseur who knows he cannot be deceived is safe in buying unknown makes.

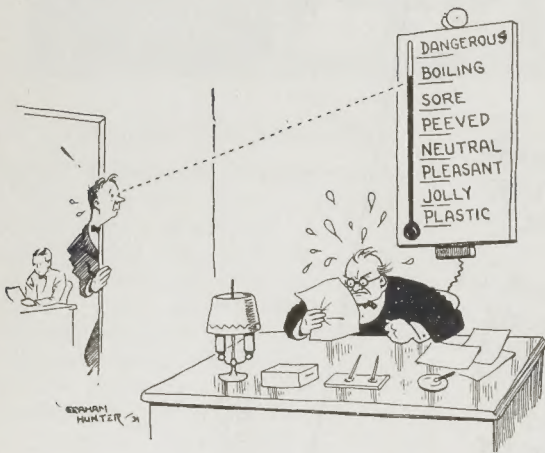
Advertising has developed many uses besides the main one of making a good product known. The increased profit resulting from advertising enables manufacturers to engage in experiments and research in their products. Through advertising extend the usefulness of their products. The best knowledge and the public shares the benefit. The best knowledge and the best brains available combine to educate readers on all sorts of subjects. How many of us would understand food values as they are understood if we did not read advertisements? And what a wealth of information and advice is available on all subjects through advertisements. Advertising is a mutual benefit society by increasing the sales of the merchant and by guiding the buyer to the best values.

But as every industry can be dishonest for a time at least, so can advertising. The public may be deceived temporarily by dishonest advertisements unless protected by honest publishers. Advertisements in the best magazines have the double guarantee of the magazine and of the manufacturer. If readers trust a certain magazine they may trust the advertisements which it endorses by carrying them.

Prize Winning Article in the Recent Western Home Monthly Advertiser Product Contest



# What the World is Saying



Installation of a personal temper-indicator has proven a boon to employees in sizing up the boss for a raise.

## And Reputation By What You Fall For

Character is made by what you stand for.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

## Instead of With Her Elbow?

A gossip-writer in a London paper notes the fact that Miss Megan Lloyd George taps off the ash of her cigarette with her finger, just as those two colleagues of hers in Parliament, her distinguished father and her brother, Major Lloyd George, do.—Toronto Star.

## Regina Is Not Without Holeyness

In India they have their sacred cows, but in Regina we have our holey moths.—Regina Leader-Post.

## She Should Know Something About Hops

The daughter of a German brewer is said to be planning a flight to the United States.—Brandon Sun.

## Few Lapps to the Mile

Lapland is one of the most sparsely populated regions of Europe, we read.—Winnipeg Free Press.

## We Wonder if They Ever Spoil the Soup

At one of the leading hotels in London there are no less than sixty-seven chefs employed.—Dundee Courier.

## A Fight to the Finnish

The contest in Finland between the supporters of prohibition and its opponents is being waged vigorously.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

## The Plant of the Far-stretching Plains

It is announced now that some success has been attained in making rubber from prairie sage-brush.—Detroit News.

## He Must Be Codding

Then there's the fellow who wants to know what interest rates the Grand Banks of Newfoundland are paying.—Halifax Chronicle.

## An Excellent Thing To Do With It

A gramophone record of a jazz-band tune has been buried in the foundation stone of a new building in Liverpool.—London Spectator.

## Try This On Your Will Power

You need't need lessons by mail to develop your will power. Just practice passing a crowd without stopping to investigate.—Calgary Herald.

## Because of the Bull That Leads Them?

Many a politician orates eloquently about the will of the people and the intelligence of the electorate and all that, but if he were to utter what he really thinks he would say that the people are like cattle.—Kansas City Star.

## Be Careful Not To Talk Behind His Back

Just because you think a man is a jackass, do not imagine that he cannot do you damage if you give him cause.—Portage la Prairie Graphic.

## When Wisdom and Folly Are Alike

The wise man and the fool seem much alike when they fall in love or attempt to explain a general depression.—Ottawa Journal.

## They Have No Moral Sense of Duty

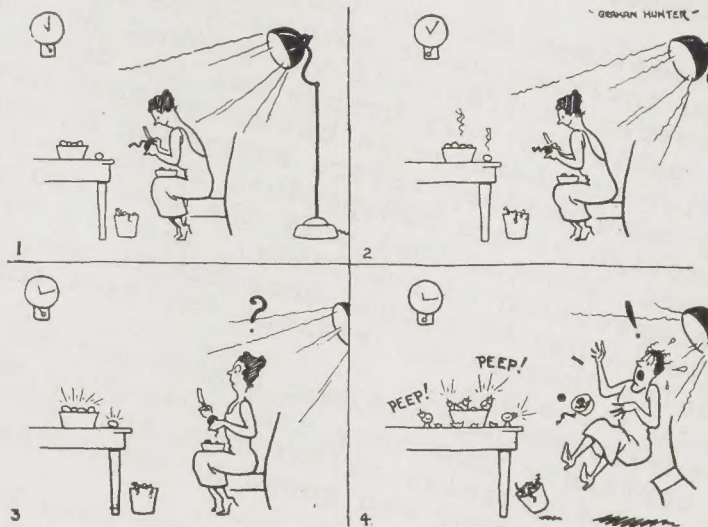
It is strange how many people do not seem to realize that there is anything morally wrong in smuggling.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

## Liquid Assets, Of Course

The king of the Chicago racketeers, whose name is known around the world, is said to have assets worth several millions.—Montreal Gazette.

## A Perhapsburg Chance

"Former Austrian Archduke Asserts Claim to Imperial Throne," says a headline. What would you care to bet on anything whatever resulting from his chance of ever sitting on that vanished throne?—Smith's Falls Record-News.



The lady who took her sunbath in the kitchen.

## From Alfonso to Zogu of Albania

The newspapers of the world have been airing the troubles of continental European ex-royalties and royalties, from A to Z.—Toronto Globe.

## We Can Hardly Say Ours Look That Way

The well-dressed man aims to wear clothes that look as if they had cost a lot more than they look as if they had cost.—Montreal Devoir.

## What Color Did He Expect in Russia?

An American engineering expert reports that while he was employed in Russia he was greatly hampered by red tape.—London Daily Telegraph.

## Culinary Item

In the old days before mayonnaise became epidemic, table scraps put together were hash, instead of a salad.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

## We Didn't Think He Ever Rested His Chin

We see by a newspaper picture that Mussolini plays the violin. He's the sort you would expect to draw the long bow.—Vancouver Sun.

## If the Hooded Don't, Who Do?

A large wooden cross, soaked with gasoline, was set up late at night near Swan Lake and set fire to by hooded men, who were seen making off in the darkness. They left it to burn out. Nobody knows who did it.—Winnipeg Tribune.

## You Must Have Noticed This, Too

It is strange the way some parents wonder why Willie is spoiled and tell visitors in front of him the cute things he says.—Edmonton Journal.

## Anyway, They'd Be More Surprising

The billboards would be more convincing if they showed a pleasant creature darning socks and smoking a cigarette.—Glasgow Herald.

## A New Firm in Fish

"Fresh Fin & Haddies," a sign in the window of a corner grocery on King Street east, suggests a finny partnership unheard of before.—Toronto Telegram.

## Well, He'll Find It Easy Undressing

It is reported again that Ghandi is getting ready to retire.—London Daily Mail.

## The Way of the World

A prominent pedestrian seldom dies entirely in vain. Usually the traffic laws are enforced for a few weeks after his lamented decease.—Buffalo Express.

## An Efficient Thinness-producer

A noted physician says that machines can't produce thinness. He hasn't seen the machine that cuts ham for drug store sandwiches.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## Probably That Was Why They Were Early

An archaeologist says that the early Assyrians had devices which served as alarm clocks.—Montreal La Presse.

## Up-to-date Knowledge

Among the things that daughter learned at college is the theory that pajamas are a house dress.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Often He's Lucky If He Just Gets Away

In South America a president doesn't bother much about getting away for rest and recreation.—Victoria Colonist.

## But What Fine Tellers They Make!

Though there are many women employed in banks on this continent, there are only six women bank presidents in the United States and none in this country.—Canadian Finance.

## The Good Old Joke, in a New Form

A Scotsman, who lost sixpence the other night, reported the matter to the police. He thinks it is the work of one of those gangs of railway thieves.—London Opinion.



"No—we don't read these cheap magazines; my husband just writes for them!"



There's an **ART**



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THOSE who know say that Keen's Mustard is the greatest known aid to flavouring—it blends the flavours of fresh fruits and vegetables—it intensifies the individual qualities of uncooked greens and roots—adds zest to these

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# *The Greatest Invention in Snapshot Film since 1903* KODAK VERICHROME FILM



An exclusive Eastman process gives the Verichrome negative a sparkling, ground-glass effect that brings out the detail.

## How

### Kodak Verichrome Film differs from other films

- 1 Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
- 2 Highly color-sensitive. Especially to yellows and greens, which predominate in nature.
- 3 Halation "fuzz" prevented by colored backing on the film.
- 4 Finer detail in highlights, portions that represent light parts.
- 5 Finer detail in shadows, portions that represent dark parts.
- 6 Translucent, instead of transparent, so that the superiorities listed above can be seen by a glance at the negative.
- 7 Priced but a few cents higher than single-coated film.

This entirely new-type film . . . double-coated . . . has completely changed the public's idea of what any camera can do

**P**ICTURE-TAKERS everywhere have quickly recognized this new film invention as the greatest improvement since Eastman introduced non-curling film 28 years ago.

Kodak Verichrome Film marks the beginning of a new era of brighter, clearer snapshots. With a crispness of detail . . . a truthfulness of color values . . . never known before in simple snapshot photography.

Verichrome is better in six

different ways. Try it. Your pictures will thrill you. Faces, foliage, flowers, whether in shadow or in highlight, stand out vividly in rich, delicate detail.

Try it on cloudy days. In late afternoon. Or even in the rain. Verichrome has such latitude, such wide range of sensitivity, that if you make a little mistake in setting your camera, you will still get a good picture.

Your Kodak dealer has the new Kodak Verichrome Film, in packs

as well as in rolls. The price is but slightly higher than the regular Kodak Film, which is not to be discontinued.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited,  
Toronto, Ontario.

\* \* \*

The Kodak International \$100,000 Competition is now in progress. The contest does not specify the make of film to use. The regular Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box makes pictures of the prize-winning kind. Kodak Verichrome Film makes even better pictures.



### THIS CHECKERED STRIPE

means better pictures, no matter how simple and inexpensive the camera you use. It is this new mark on the familiar yellow box that identifies Kodak Verichrome Film.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES KODAK VERICHROME FILM